

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 7, 1958



America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

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THE MASTERS

The spirit of America's great spring golf tournament in full color

TROUT REPORT

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Cover: Suddenly it was spring ▶

"Spring is sprung," the sage said, and the voice of the peeper was heard. There are some other sure signs of the American spirit: coll at Augusta (see page 32) and a fighting trout (see page 27).

Photographs by
John G. Zimmerman
David Goodner

Next week



▶ For baseball, spring arrives officially on April 14, Opening Day. In tribute to this historical truth, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents its fourth annual Baseball Issue.

▶ Detailed scouting reports analyze the strengths and weaknesses of all the 16 ball clubs and discuss each team's chances in the season ahead.

▶ Philip K. Wrigley, the shy owner of the Chicago Cubs, sits reluctantly for a penetrating word portrait and a long-awaited report hangs some of the most obscure truths about big league ball.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



THE MASTERS TROUT REPORT



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MEMO from the publisher

SPRING exerts its influences in odd as well as customary ways, in fever as in flowers. So perhaps a visitor to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED offices these days might well wonder what seasonal madness goes on when two men suddenly thrust fingers repeatedly at each other, meanwhile uttering incantations in a strange tongue. Born of baseball, the mysterious ritual has an explanation, forthcoming as an incidental attraction in next week's third annual Special Baseball Issue. But the main matter at hand is, of course, baseball itself. And for that the Baseball Issue will be, in fact and effect, a season-long scorecard and companion.

Roy Terrell leads off with an article—accompanied by vivid action photos—which takes a season-long view of both major leagues, evaluating the prospects and probabilities from the perspective of the leagues as units.

Thirty-two pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's traditional Scouting Reports follow. Based on the latest spring-training observations, here are the 16 clubs, their rosters, pictures of the players, strong points, weak spots, big ifs and over-all potentialities. This year's reports also include a critique of each club's sportscasters.

Of all dominant figures in baseball, none has a name more familiar than the Chicago Cubs' owner Phil Wrig-

ley. But his personality and his personal convictions are something else again, as unfamiliar to the public at large as they are to many within baseball itself. This happens because that's the way Wrigley has always

wanted it. In a closeup next week Writer Robert Boyle reveals that Wrigley is proud he was the first owner of a competing club to get through a World Series unphotographed. Such a man is understandably chary of story interviews. When he learned, however, of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's resolve to write about him, Wrigley sent Boyle an unprecedented invitation to visit

him at his Phoenix, Arizona home. The rare result is Wrigley on the subject of Wrigley—and baseball.

Professional baseball has seldom been in a more transitional state, making major geographical moves and facing the problems of television and the minor leagues. On the eve of the new season Robert Creamer writes a critical analysis of its present position, not only interesting but important to those who care about baseball's future as both a game and a part of the American scene.

And baseball is never more, or more wonderfully, part of that scene than it will be on Opening Day next week when the umpire yells, "Play Ball!"



Harry Phillips

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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Does your father spend enough time with you in sports?*



BENSON FORD JR.

*Age 8
Son of Ford Motors
vice-president*

No. My father is swell, but he's too busy. He plays with me on Saturdays and Sundays, but my mother throws a spiral pass with a football better than Dad. She taught me and the other kids in my gang to throw a spiral pass.



JACKIE ROBINSON

*Age 11
Son of former
baseball star*

Yes, on weekends. I play well with his pointers. He goes with me to sandlot baseball and football games, and he also takes me with him to sports meetings. Last year he took me to a big sports banquet, and I had a wonderful time.



DAVID KEFAUVER

*Age 12
Son of U.S. Senator*

When Dad's home, we play baseball and football. Dad wants me to play football for Tennessee, like he did. I have a home-made automobile with a washing machine motor. It's always out of fix, so Dad and I spend a lot of time working on it.

continued



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HOTBOX restaurant



AL (BUTCH) HAASE
Age 14
Son of a Colorado
restaurateur

He's my foster father, but no boy ever had a better father. He took me fishing when I was 3 and hunting with a BB gun when I was 6. We hunt ducks, pheasant and big game, fish for catfish and camp out often. I'm a lucky boy.



GEORGE COOKMAN
Age 11
Son of a New York
banker

Quite a lot. Dad likes to punt a football and throw passes to me, and we do a lot of golf together. He likes to drive golf balls and I chase them. I get a good workout running after his balls and shoes. And I don't get winded.



GALE HECHMAN
Age 12
Son of a sheep rancher

No. My father is too busy counting sheep. No, it's not that he can't sleep. He owns a sheep ranch. My mother taught me skiing, swimming and skating. She's a great sport. She swims in an outdoor pool, summer and winter.



MICHAEL G. HOWARD
Age 13
Son of the president
of Scripps-Howard
Syndicate

No. When he does have a spare afternoon, he rushes to the golf course. My sports are baseball and football. In my opinion, the average father doesn't have the energy, the time nor the desire to engage in sports with his son.



PENNY BLOOMINGDALE
Age 16
Daughter of
a philanthropist

Yes. Dad's hobby is deep-sea fishing. He takes me along and, like all proud fathers, brags about my catches. In the summer we fish up north; in winter we go south and swim together. Dad also takes me snow skiing and skating.

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USGA

- JUNE 12-14** National Open Championship, Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa
25-28 National Women's Open, Forest Lake Country Club, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
JULY 1-12 Amateur Public Links, Silver Lake Golf Club, Oxford, Pa., Ill.
JULY 30- National Junior Amateur, University of
AUG 2 Minnesota Golf Course, St. Paul
2-9 Curtis Cup Match, Pine Bluff Country Club, West Newton, Mass. (British and U.S. amateur women teams)
15-18 National Girls' Junior, Greenwich Country Club, Greenwich, Conn.
18-23 National Women's Amateur, West Barn Country Club, Dover, Conn.
SEPT. 5-8 Augusta Cup match, Olympic Country Club, San Francisco (men's amateur teams of U.S., Canada and Mexico)
8-12 National Amateur Championship, Olympic Country Club, San Francisco
SEPT. 29- National Senior Amateur, Monterey
OCT. 4 Pebble Beach Country Club, Pebble Beach, Calif.

PGA

- APRIL 3-6** Masters Tournament, \$20,000 plus, Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga.
17-20 Kentucky Derby Open Invitational, \$25,000, Saratoga Golf Club, Lexington, Ky.
MAY 1-4 Colonial National Invitational, \$25,000, Colonial Country Club, Fort Worth
8-11 Arlington Hotel Open Invitational, \$25,000, Hot Springs Country Club, Hot Springs, Ark.
15-18 Greater Open Invitational, \$18,000, The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
MAY 25- Western Open Championship, Red Run
JUNE 2 Country Club, Detroit
15-22 Wyck Open Invitational, \$65,000, Warwick Hills Golf and Country Club, Great Neck, N.Y.
25-28 Byron Golf Championship, \$50,000, Pine Hollow Country Club, Norwalk, N.Y.
JULY 1-3 Rubber City Open Invitational, \$20,000, Foxworth Country Club, Akron
10-13 Louisiana City Open Invitational, \$25,000, Westwood Country Club, Westwood, Calif.
18-21 National PGA Championship, Lancaster Country Club, Havertown, Pa.
24-27 All-American Open, \$50,000, Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill.
JULY 31- World Championship Invitational, \$195,000, Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill.
AUG. 3 9th, Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill.
7-10 Miller Open Invitational, \$35,000, Tripoli Country Club, Milwaukee

LPGA

- APRIL 17-20** Babe Zaharias Open Invitational, \$5,000, Desert Inn Country Club, Las Vegas, Nev.
JUNE 6-8 LPGA Championship, \$7,500, Churchill Valley Country Club, Pittsburgh
12-15 Traveler Heart Hotel Invitational Golf Tournament, \$12,500, Tedlow Country Club, Marlborough, Mass.
15-22 Western Women's Open, \$3,000, Kohlen Country Club, Erie, Pa.
JULY 17-20 Rosewood Invitational, \$7,500, The Canadian Golf Club, Hot Springs, Va.
24-27 All-American Open Invitational, \$5,000, Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill.
JULY 31- World Invitational, \$18,000, Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill.

Miscellaneous

- APRIL 21-24** 19th North and South Invitational Amateur Championship (men), Pinckney Country Club, Birmingham, N.C.
24-27 Tournament of Champions, \$10,000, Desert Inn Country Club, Las Vegas, Nev.
JUNE 8-14 Women's Trans-Mississippi, Hickory Hills Country Club, Springfield, Mo.
16-22 Men's Trans-Mississippi Amateur Championship, Pines Dunes Country Club, Hutchinson, Kans.
17-19 Western Senior's Championship, Tulsa Country Club, Okla.
JULY 25-26 Women's Western Amateur, Oak Park Country Club, Ill.
AUG. 15-16 Southern Golf Association Championship (men's amateur), Country Club of Birmingham, Ala.

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FRONTAL SQUIDGER, executed by David Moreton, is brief tiddlywinks maneuver.

MASTER tactician David Arundale, elegant in dinner jacket, club bow tie and gray knee pad, coolly faced the tightly packed crowd of over 600 in Cambridge University's Guildhall and announced with simple dignity, "My men are fit. Whatever form of Goomsmanship we have to face, we have our own secret tactics."

As any close reader of the British press already knew, Mr. Arundale was referring to tiddlywinks. The "Gooms," of course, were the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Champions who last month, with the university's senior proctor, students and townspeople looking on, met the Cambridge Tiddlywink Club in mortal battle. Mr. Arundale was reacting bravely and, as it turned out, with a certain degree of prescience (Cambridge won 120½ to 55½) to a fairly staggering amount of Goomsmanship perpetrated by none other than the duke himself, who missed the match but wired: AT ONE TIME I HAD HOPED TO JOIN MY CHAMPIONS BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, WHILE PRACTICING SECRETLY, I PULLED AN IMPORTANT MUSCLE IN THE SECOND OR TIDDLY JOINT OF MY WINKING FINGER. Prince Philip concluded: WINK UP, FIDDLE THE GAME AND MAY THE GOOMS' SIDE WIN.

The much neglected and artful game of tiddlywinks was having a day for itself. Actually, the revived interest in tiddlywinks began when Bill Steen, a thin-faced graduate student in chemical engineering at Cambridge, decided with the aid of a friend that, as they stood little chance of obtaining one of the uni-

'Wink up and Fiddle'

So advised Prince Philip last month as England's tiddlywinks 'season' moved into high gear

versity's coveted sports "Blues," they might form a tiddlywinks club. To Steen's utter surprise, his father, a Cambridge don, encouraged the idea, and in January 1955 the first club meeting was held. The Cambridge tiddlywinkers, as they called themselves, designed a club tie (dark background with light blue pots and descendant gold winks) and set out to discover the history of the noble game. Their conclusions: Stone Age men may have played an occasional game while chipping flints. The French had something similar to tiddlywinks as early as the 18th century, but since the sport is known disparagingly as "the flea game" on the Continent, the game's real home is in England. Tiddlywinks came to England about the time of the Industrial Revolution, when carpets, essential to playing, first became plentiful. This supposition has been authenticated by the discovery of an English manufacturer who has been producing winks, as the disks are called, for over a hundred years.

Rules for the game are embarrassingly simple, a fact the Cambridge devotees manage to conceal under a superfluity of pseudotechnical nomenclature. The tiddlywink arena is called a pitch and is normally a 6-by-3-foot carpet. The receptacle for winks, placed in the center, is about 1½ inches high and 1½ inches in diameter. Each tiddlywinkler plays with two large and four medium-size winks and, to hoist them, uses a wunk of suitable size. It is called a squidger.

continued

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'WINK UP' continued

A tiddlywinks team normally consists of eight men playing as four pairs. Players of two opposing pairs place their winks in the pitch's four corners, partners opposite each other. Each takes a first round shot at the pot. Starting with the one closest, turns are taken clockwise and the aim is to "wink out," that is, to sink all one's winks. First person to do so scores five points, next three points, third two points and fourth one. In a complete match, each pair should play each of the opposing pairs.

If a tiddlywink lands on another during a game, the one beneath cannot be played until the covering wink is removed. If both members of a pair have all their winks covered, they are said to be squopt. This entitles the opposition to three moves for each of its winks not engaged in covering. When these moves are exhausted, one wink belonging to the opposition has to be released.

Each Cambridge club member is expected to master four basic strokes. The initial shot is the difficult long drive from the corner. Measuring approximately 3½ feet in length, a wink up from this distance is almost, but not quite, as rare as a hole in one in golf. Two strokes more readily mastered are the approach shot and the short putt. A softer, slightly vertical squidge is the proper form here. Fourth in the tiddlywinker's equipment is the cover-up shot, a delicate maneuver which, if successful, places a wink stop an opponent's. All other strokes (e.g., the backwards and sideways squidges and the illegal "down-the-tie" shot, which is squidged into a player's tie so that it slides down into the pot) are derived from these and can only be acquired through experience and much hard practice. To keep squidding muscles in supple condition before a match, Cambridge tiddlywinkers twiddle their thumbs during lectures.

In its infancy the club quickly verified that a mat is the factor which makes a wink rise. It also found that pile carpets suffer fatigue. At least once, a descent was made on the showroom of an unsuspecting Cambridge carpet dealer, where winks were systematically squidged on all the samples displayed. It was eventually decided that a carpet which is suitably resilient and yet has no pile is best.

In further researches, this time

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involving winks alone, an immense difference in shapes, diameters and thicknesses was discovered. Even in apparently uniform sets, sometimes "borrowed from small brothers and sisters for an indefinite period," measurement has often shown one wink is twice as thick as another. Such "frivolousness" on the part of manufacturers is condemned by the club, which hopes to establish uniform standards. By its definition, the optimum tiddlywink shape and nature is $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 millimeters thick, 16 to 22 millimeters in diameter, has flat,



SIDEWAYS SQUIDGE, delicate Winking shot, is assayed by Malcolm Hurleston.

smooth surfaces, beveled edges and is constructed of plastic.

The Cambridge club has also considered spin (which it says is forward after squidging) and rolling—nothing is more frustrating than to successfully get a wink near the pot, only to see it roll away. During one particular study, several winks were squidged from an upstairs college window and observed as they fell. It was noticed that spin increased with increased speed, but the axis appeared to remain constant. A deduction has yet to be made.

Opposition has been hard to come by. The Cambridge club has sent out invitations to, among others, Harvard and Yale and Moscow, Peking and Tokyo universities, the Scott Polar Base and the Speaker of the House of Commons. It was a fortuitous headline in a British journal—DOES PRINCE PHELIP CHEAT AT TIDDLYWINKS?—that brought the Duke of Edinburgh and the Cambridge tiddlywinkers together. The

continued

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'WINK UP' continued

club wrote to him, suggesting he appoint Royal Champions to scotch the canard once and for all. The duke, a subtle man, asked some British comedians, the Goons, who specialize in a surrealist form of fun (it consists of quips, unearthly chuckles, gurgles and squeaks and is popular with a huge British audience) to defend his royal honor, the proceeds of the match to go to his favorite charity, the National Playing Fields Association.

Cambridge Club President Arundale attributes his great victory to a formula his teammates developed for squidding a wink into the pot: R equals P plus A plus S, R being the



CHALK TALK is used by Hugh Mellor to expound the basic tiddlywinks theory.

normal reaction of "the isotropic compressible medium, or carpet"; P being the applied force; A the angle between the wink and the squidger; and S the "steen factor." Mr. Arundale, playing it easy, did not choose to elucidate what, precisely, he meant by the steen factor.

Will there always be tiddlywinks? Yes! reply the tiddlywinkers, and an undergraduate wrote a tune to prove it. At the match's end everybody, including the audience, joined in singing, to the tune of *Men of Harlech*, the Tiddlywinks Anthem:

*Other nations are before us,
With their Sputniks and Explorers,
What can confidence restore us?
Nought but Tiddlywinks.
On the fields of Elton
Former foes were benten.
But today all patriots play,
This sport which needs such grit and
concentration.*

*Through the game of skill and power,
England knows her finest hour;
And her stronghold shield and tower,
Must be tiddlywinks.*

—JOHN LOVEREY

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PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE 1957 U. S. OPEN BY TOM KELLEY

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—CALIFORNIA's lanky DON BOWEN, only American taller to break four minutes, locked off 1:40.1 half mile to anchor Bear teammates Jack Terrian, Willie White and Maynard Orme to 3:19.8 clocking, fastest ever for sprint medley relay (March 28), next day came back to carry Bear quartet to meet record of 7:40.8 for two-mile relay in talent-loaded Texas Relays at Austin.

JOHN FROST, strong-armed Pacific Lutheran spear-carrier, was another who did some record-busting at Austin, hurling javelin 282 feet 10½ inches to break existing college standard (March 28).

SWIMMING—MICHIGAN, with Tony Tashnick winning two events (see page 10), found balance to avoosh off with 72 points and eighth NCAA title at Ann Arbor as Yale's ebullient Bob Kipkuth (who drew tribute from happy young Wolverine Coach Coo Snager: "You chased the devil out of us") maneuvered his Elm into second place with 63 points, single point ahead of Michigan State, headed up by doubles from record-stroker Franklin Medina, who set record of 1:05 for 100 yards and took 200 in 2:25.4 with new over-water stroke, and Freestylar Bill Stewart, who won at 440 yards (4:34.3) and 1,500 meters (18:45.8). Other heroes: Ohio State's Don Harper, who captured one-meter and 3-meter dives again, Yale's Roger Anderson, who won finger-dart decision over Duck Hanley in 225-yard freestyle in 2:08.7, Yale's Sam Bowers, upper winner in 57.8 in 100-yard backstroke.

GOLF—SAM SNEAD, frequently wild off tee and erratic with iron, but nevertheless steady with putter in clutch, topped up with JIMMY DEMAREST to beat Japan's Torakichi (Pete) Nakamura and Katschi Ono by two strokes (140-142) in exhibition at Boca Raton (see page 27).

HORSE RACING—TIM TAM, faced with clumsy prospect of trailing Triple-L Latrine Road to finish, responded to Willie Hartack's urging in stretch, pushed ahead resolutely to win \$115,000 Florida Derby by half length at Gulfstream (see below).

PROHIBED LAND, Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' truculent steel-gray 4-year-old, stormed down middle under steady flogging by Israel Valenzuela, hooked past old veteran Find as favored from Lige faded badly to sixth, to score by two lengths in \$115,300 John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap on closing day at weather-beaten Boreas.

MR. WHAT, American-owned (see page 10) 8-year-old, bounded into lead at hazardous Beeher's Brook, carefully negotiated all other obstacles until he bobbed momentarily on last jump, but was yanked up firmly and quickly by Jockey Arthur Freeman to capture Grand National before 160,000 rain- and fog-bound fans at Aintree.

GRAND CHAL, Alfred H. Struth's 7-year-old gelding, guided neatly over timber by Custer Cassidy, fought off late-charging Coup-de-Vite to win Carolina Cup Steeplechase at Camden, S.C.

BOXING—SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, aging, provocative but still master craftsman at his trade, battered and probed at Carmen Basilio's closed left eye for better part of 15 rounds at Chicago, came away with middleweight title for fifth time in his brilliant career (see page 18).

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION FLOYD PATTERSON gave British fight fans long used to home-bred horizontal heavyweights, sample of his talents in 3-round exhibition with Sparring Mate Dinky Rhodes at London's Bally's closed left eye for better part of 15 rounds at Chicago, came away with middleweight title for fifth time in his brilliant career (see page 18).

NEW YORK'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY FRANK S. BOGAN, seeking boxing's biggest illegal fish, one Frankie (Murder, Inc.) Carbo,

accent on the deed . . .



HEAD-GRACKING JOLT finds unexpected target in Army's Fertig as he fires ball over head of Mount Washington's Goble Bo

Moore (22), and gets whacked for effort by De-fenseman Merrick (26) in season's first major lardrums game, won by Army 9-8 at Baltimore

tossed out his subpoena line once again, hooked Manager Hymie (The Mink) Wallman's bulging records, ordered IBC's Harry Markson to bring firm's books before Grand Jury (see page 18), Charged Hogan, Hymie The Mink "in a front man for Carbo in the managing of professional boxers."

BASEBALL—Borron with Sox, even without Ted Williams, were hottest team on exhibition circuit, running winning streak to seven, on good pitching, timely hitting. Among National Leaguers, San Francisco Giants were proving unexpectedly hard to beat, especially for Cleveland Indians, who dropped two out of three and—an even greater tragedy—lost First Baseman Vic Wertz for at least two months with fractured ankle. Pittsburgh, pummeled in familiar last place, got glimmer of hope when big, sore-shouldered Ted Kluszewski, acquired from Cincinnati, made spring debut, hammered two homers in game with Philadelphia.

TRACK & FIELD—TEXAS RELAYS provided springboard for top-drawer showing for California's Bowden and Ponder Lutheran's Prems (see Record Breakers) and Texas' Eddie Southern, who was caught in 45.2 for quarter-mile anchor leg on way to 3:15.4 mile relay victory, an 10 meet records. 2 national marks fell with resounding boom.

MINNESOTA'S LEONARD (Bud) ENGLISH, out from behind Deason Jaeger's shadow for first time in months, poured it on at Florida Relays at Gainesville, churned home first in two-mile at 9:40.5 for day's best performance, stole spotlight away from Duke's Dave Sims, who won 100 in slow 9.7.

BIRMINGHAM, 19-year-old Australia bolt-shot miler who has broken four minutes four times, will give Californians glimpse of his foot-racing skill at Modesto, Hampton, Coliseum (Los Angeles) Relays and National AAU championships at Bakersfield in May and June now that way has been cleared for his coach, track-wise Percy Cerutti, to accompany him to U.S. Cerutti, whose \$1,500 tab will be picked up by sponsoring groups of California relay meets, chirled: "I am hustling for Elliott to have a crack at Ron Delany. We will see how much luck

continued

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News! Wembley Arnel triacetate machine-washable Drip 'N' Dry tie

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HOOF-POUNDING WINNER Tim Tam, Calumet's, prize 3-year-old, has half-length over Lincoln Road at end of Florida Derby.



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SCOREBOARD *continued*

Delany has left after we hit the three-quarter mark in 2:56." **SWIM BABAIA**, USC husky who may yet throw discs out of sight, could hardly be blamed if he started campaign for bigger and better landing areas. Babka, who had week earlier soared platter 188 feet 10 inches but lost world record when disc landed in ditch, got off heave of 180 feet 7 1/2 inches, good enough for new college mark, as Trojans beat Southern California Striders 79-61 at Los Angeles, and this time it wound up in spot sloped for drainage purposes, eight inches lower than throwing circle, and thus again no record.

BASKETBALL—PEORIA, hardly more than mediocre (fifth place) in 6-team NITEL, suddenly began to sizzle in AAU tournament at Denver, razzle-dazzle way into finals where Cats battled through four tense overtime periods with help of hot-headed Chuck Wolfe to beat Denver 75-71 for title and won six berths on 12-man squad pulled to face Russians in Moscow later this month. The squad: Peoria's Wolfe, B. H. Horn, Jim Palmer, Allen and Dean Kelley, Howie Crittendon, Denver's Terry Rand, Harry Schmidt; Berkeley's Rudy Halderson, Joe Deas; Wichita's Dick Bomecha, Air Force's Bob Jeangrand.

WOLFE and ST. LOUIS split first two games in NBA playoffs after eliminating Philadelphia and Detroit respectively in semifinals. Hawks, with Cliff Hagan and Alvin Pettit scoring freely, won opener 104-102, but Celtics found way to handuff Pettit, got unexpected assist from Red Sam Jones, usual able hand from Bob Cousy, Bill Sharman and Bill Russell to win 116-112 as teams headed for St. Louis.

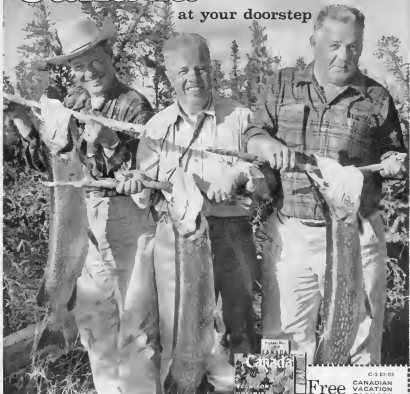
HOCKEY—STANLEY CUP playoffs produced more than usual share of cracked noggins as New York and Boston slugged it out. Rangers won opener 5-3 but lost Red Sullivan, who suffered fractured jaw when crushed by Vic Stasiuk. Bruins took next two 6-3, 5-0 as Bruce Hovath was carted off with concussion. Montreal, with some hot snoking from Maurice Richard, swept three straight from Detroit 8-1, 5-1, 2-1.

continued



OLYMPIC WRESTLER Dan Hodge gets a belt out of new career, flooring Charles Hood to win Golden Gloves title (see page 20).

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SCOREBOARD continued

FIGURE SKATING—CAROL KERR and DAVID BRINKIN, whirling and leaping through intricate routines with dancing grace, enthralled judges and spectators alike at Minneapolis, easily retained their U.S. titles. Pretty Carol, who took rare pridefall after demanding double Axel, was far from crushed, laughingly explained: "It keeps you humble."

DOG SHOW—CH. BEN-GAR'S WINNING STONE, richly roaced orange Belton English setter owned by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond O'Connell of Livonia, Mich., took on America's top dogs, pranced off with best-in-show at Chicago's International Kennel Club event.

MILEPOSTS—DIED—CHARLES HERBERT (Chuck) KLIN, 62, soft-spoken National League player who hit 509 homers for Philadelphia and Chicago, won MVP award in 1932, and league with .368 in 1933; of cerebral hemorrhage, at Indianapolis.

DIED—DR. CHARLES RENEY STEES, 75, dynamo founder, developer and head of Santa Anita, pioneer of race track elegance, convenience and \$160,000 purses, sometime mile-leader who gave up dental practice to run San Francisco Seals, of cerebral thrombosis, at Los Angeles.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING—LEN SUTTON, Portland, Ore., USAC 160-mile with 82.3 mph average, in Central Pennsylvania Sprint, Trenton, N.J.

BOXING—CLEVELAND WILLIAMS, ever Dick Richardson, by disqualification, in 10 round, heavyweight, Louisville.
EDDIE ANDREWS, 1-round KO over Tex General, middleweight, New York.
ALBERT CAMPBELL, 10-round decision over Ted Turner, welterweight, New York.
SUZAN HART, 1-round TKO over Charley (Yonkers), South, welterweight, New York.
SAN JOSE STATE, NCAA title, with 22 pts, Sacramento.

BRIDGE—HARRY J. FISHBEIN, LEONARD B. HARMON, SAM FRY JE, LEE HAREN, New York, and IVAN STAKGOLD, Washington, D.C., Vanderbilt Cup, Atlantic City.

COURT TENNIS—NORTHEUP and SEYMOUR KAMU, Bgala, N.Y., over Charles Dwyer and William Longhead, 6-5, 5-6, 6-2, with doubles title, Boston.

GOLF—PETE COOPER, Lakeland, Fla., Seminoles pro-amateur, with 219 for 26 holes, Palm Beach, Fla.
HOWIE JOHNSON, Glenview, Ill., over Arnold Palmer, 77-75, in 18-hole playoff, Amelia Open, Washington, D.C.
EDWARD R. RANDALL, Rochester, over Jack H. Roberts, 1 up, in 25 holes, American Sen. Am. title, St. Augustine, Fla.

Gymnastics—ILLINOIS, Big Ten title, with 149.55 pts., over Ohio 44-round champion, Als Greenfield, Illinois.

HORSE RACING—NUBCAP \$27,500 South Stakes, 6 f., by mail, in 1:12, Seminoles San-Maria St.
COUNT DE BLANC \$91,500 American Derby, 1 1/8 m., by 5 1/2 lengths, in 1:55 1/5, Golden Gate Jockey Club, San Francisco.

Hockey—AUSTRALIAN WALLARIES, over U.S.A., 16-5, Los Angeles, over California, 15-5, West Coast College Stars, 25-5, Berkeley.

Tennis—JAPAN, over Thailand, 4-0, Donn Cup Eastern Zone first round, Tokyo.
PANCRO GONZALEZ, over Leo Bland, 4 matches to 5, Gonzales double pro tour, 15-14.

WRESTLING—OKLAHOMA STATE, NCAA title, with 77 pts., Lawrence, Wyo.

faces in the crowd...



SALLY WEAVER, perky, pretty Whitesmith, Pa. skier, won two giant slalom events but lost chance for combined title when officials ruled she crossed gate in third race of Grand Prix de Savoie at Val d'Isere, France.

TONY TASHNICK, powerful sophomore, was Michigan's brightest star in NCAA swim championships at Ann Arbor, adding to new college record of 2:04.2 for 200-yard butterfly and tying Tim Jerke's mark of 54.6 in 100.



DAVID CONNELAN, smiling Irishman and onetime Miami reader who kept U.S. citizenship but now is manufacturing chemist in native land, got thrill of lifetime when his Mr. What was Grand National at Amiree.

NEE PHILIP CUTTON, 39, former Curtis Cusper from West Caldwell, N.J., was nominally co-driven by Barbara McIntire but used sound short game for 1-up victory in North and South Amateur at Pinehurst, N.C.



JAMES LEDY, sleepy-eyed Bridgeport, Conn. seventh grader, was wide awake while leading his team to 49-46 win over Puerto Rico for Billy Goodrich championship tournament, Pa., earned title of Mr. Biddy Basketball.

BROOK LEE MICHELSON, graceful 15-year-old from Long Beach, Calif., kept her poise and her form in face of challenge from Joana Nuka, won novice girls' crown in U.S. figure skating championships at Minneapolis.



BILL HOWARD of Glen Burnie, Md., who has been knocking down duck pins for 17 of his 33 years, had his biggest moment in national tournament at New Haven, rolling 361 to equal high-game mark set in 1941.



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SNOW PATROL

Skating across the country: reports through the preceding weekend

East

New Hampshire: Skiers continued to come out in big numbers. Expect skiing to last at least two more weeks.

CANYON: Biggest crowd of season. Gordon East of Holderness School broke old record of 1.15 by five seconds while running for his Gold Canyon run. UP 80, LO 46, CR 2,600. **WILKES:** Skiing good. Gondola closed after two skiers were slightly injured when lift mechanism slipped, let cars run backward. Should be repaired and in operation for week-end. T bar fast. UP 112, LO 84. **CRANMORE:** Excellent conditions continued to draw big gate. UP 10, LO 36, CR 3,800.

Maine: SUGARLOAF. Annual Sugarloaf School downhill races here April 5 and 6. UP 141.

Massachusetts: All areas should be open this weekend in spite of warm weather during week.

JIMINY PEAK: Area offering free pancakes and coffee to all skiers consumed for traditional Easter weekend down parade. UP 80, LO 8, CR 896.

BOLTON: Skiing good. UP 82, LO 10.

New York: Spring skiing under way, with state's corn snow supply expected to keep for two or more weekends.

BELLEVILLE: Easter egg hunt and costume parade this weekend. UP 10, CR 3,000. **BEAVER:** Expect snow here to outlast other areas in southern New York. UP 114, LO 80. **WHITEFACE:** Upper north face still has powder. UP 46, LO 30, CR 3,000.

Vermont: MT. SMOKE: Overbrook Trail being held for Easter crowd. UP 108, LO 30. **STOW:** Skiers on Spruce were treated to hot maple sugar, cooked on snow. UP 50. **QUEEN:** Easter costume contest this weekend. UP 10, LO 22, CR 500.

RIDGE: Area will close after this weekend's Easter costume parade. New T bar will replace Poma next year.

Pennsylvania: MT. LANTIER. UP 45, LO 10.

Quebec: Expect good skiing through this weekend at all areas.

MT. TRIMBLE: Good. UP 45, LO 22, CR 2,500. **LAC BEAUFORT:** UP 34, LO 34, CR 3,500.

Midwest

Michigan: Best skiing in region.

BOYNE: MT. Excellent. Skiers getting out in big numbers to keep toes from peeling. UP 30, LO 30, CR 385.

CLIFFS RIDE: Fine corn snow. UP 18, LO 8.

West

Idaho: SUN VALLEY. Fine spring skiing. Lifts close after this weekend. Elaine Bennett of St. Regis, Mont., took both the giant slalom and downhill in the American Legion junior championships. Jan Gaddis and Allen Miller of Salt Lake City took boys' titles. Baldy UP 73.

Utah: ALTA. Snow plentiful and deep. Forest Service avalanche crew shooting some trails as preventive measure. UP 132. **BIGGTON:** UP 108, LO 90, NN 14, CR 1,500.

Wyoming: TETON PASS. High country skiing left is at its best, touring parties leaving

out all over area. UP 106, LO 102, NN 4. **JACKSON HOLE:** Excellent. UP 60, LO 28.

Montana: BIG MT. Best skiing of season. Area has three weeks skiing left. UP 32.

Colorado: ASPEN. Skiing fine, but Bell chair closed for second time due to structural failure of chair hangers, will remain closed until season ends April 13. Area management reports Bell lift will have to be redesigned before season opens next year. Ski club sponsoring spotlight ski tours, ending with a swim at Aspen Pool.

BRECKENRIDGE: Powder snow. Expect skiing here until May 15. UP 88, LO 84, NN 10. **LOVELAND:** Excellent. Will operate until May 15. UP 72, LO 65, NN 24, CR 1,000. **WINTER PARK:** Good. Will close April 18. **ARAPAHO RAVIN:** Area will have its usual excellent spring skiing. UP 64, LO 54.

New Mexico: TAOS. Area has plenty of snow, with snow still coming. Flatlanders race won by Midland (Tex.) Ski Club, National Senior giant slalom here April 13. **SANTA FE:** Expecting deluge of Texas skiers on college vacations. LO 84.

Far West

Oregon: MT. HOOD. At Timberline LO 352, NN 6, CR 100. Skating chamber, but still good at Govt. Camp. UP 46, LO 23.

Washington: Cover holding well against warmer temperatures, snow still coming. **MT. BAKER:** UP 145, LO 135, NN 8, CR 1,000. **SNOQUALMIE:** Younger set wearing elysope straw hats. UP 95, LO 75, CR 1,500.

California: Best skiing in five years all over state. Storms in north have cut attendance and brought more snow than wanted. Southern areas holding their snow cover well. **HEAVENLY VALLEY:** Will run through April. **SEQUOIA VALLEY:** Full operation through April, weekends after that. Crews attempting to remove snow from valley so snow can start on the Olympic Village.

SUGAR BOWL: Storms have snowed in top chair lift on Mt. Lincoln. Skiing through April. **MAMMOTH:** Area will stay open through May if skiers keep coming. UP 108, LO 100. **SNOW SUMMIT:** Open through April. UP 60. **DOUGHER HOLLOW:** LO 102, UP 180, CR 1,000. **HANDS PASS:** Will close April 6. UP 123. **MT. BALDY:** Plan to close officially April 20. Snow pack on Thunder should last into May. **CHINA PEAK:** Snow will keep till June.

Check resorts for late condition changes
UP= inches of snow on upper slopes and trails
LO= inches of snow on lower slopes and trails
NN= inches of snowfall last week
CR= ski closed last Saturday

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Eliot editor by Suzanne Greenwald 6—Chris Martin and Barbara Greenwald 7—Jim Bailey, Toronto 8—N.Y. Daily News 10—San Diego Post 11—San Antonio News 12—A.P. Photos 13—A.P. 17—18—Atlanta 19—A.P. 20—A.P. 21—A.P. 22—John G. Zimmerman 24, 25—John G. Zimmerman 26, 27—David Graham 28, 29—downings by Amy 31—Downing, John G. Zimmerman 32—A.P. 33—A.P. 34—A.P. 35—A.P. 36—A.P. 37—A.P. 38—A.P. 39—A.P. 40—A.P. 41—A.P. 42—A.P. 43—A.P. 44—A.P. 45—A.P. 46—A.P. 47—A.P. 48—A.P. 49—A.P. 50—A.P. 51—A.P. 52—A.P. 53—A.P. 54—A.P. 55—A.P. 56—A.P. 57—A.P. 58—A.P. 59—A.P. 60—A.P. 61—A.P. 62—A.P. 63—A.P. 64—A.P. 65—A.P. 66—A.P. 67—A.P. 68—A.P. 69—A.P. 70—A.P. 71—A.P. 72—A.P. 73—A.P. 74—A.P. 75—A.P. 76—A.P. 77—A.P. 78—A.P. 79—A.P. 80—A.P. 81—A.P. 82—A.P. 83—A.P. 84—A.P. 85—A.P. 86—A.P. 87—A.P. 88—A.P. 89—A.P. 90—A.P. 91—A.P. 92—A.P. 93—A.P. 94—A.P. 95—A.P. 96—A.P. 97—A.P. 98—A.P. 99—A.P. 100—A.P. 101—A.P. 102—A.P. 103—A.P. 104—A.P. 105—A.P. 106—A.P. 107—A.P. 108—A.P. 109—A.P. 110—A.P. 111—A.P. 112—A.P. 113—A.P. 114—A.P. 115—A.P. 116—A.P. 117—A.P. 118—A.P. 119—A.P. 120—A.P. 121—A.P. 122—A.P. 123—A.P. 124—A.P. 125—A.P. 126—A.P. 127—A.P. 128—A.P. 129—A.P. 130—A.P. 131—A.P. 132—A.P. 133—A.P. 134—A.P. 135—A.P. 136—A.P. 137—A.P. 138—A.P. 139—A.P. 140—A.P. 141—A.P. 142—A.P. 143—A.P. 144—A.P. 145—A.P. 146—A.P. 147—A.P. 148—A.P. 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COMING EVENTS

April 4 to April 13

- * TV
- * Color TV
- * Network Radio

All times E.S.T. except where otherwise noted

Friday, April 4

BOXING

- * Kid Corder vs. Tiger Jeon, middleweights, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- * 10 p.m. P. doubleheader, 10 p.m. (NBC)

TRACK & FIELD

American Business Club Relays, Big Spring, Texas (also April 5)

Saturday, April 5

AUTO RACING

USAC Midway Auto Races, 25 miles, Garden, Calif.
NASCAR Grand National Division 50-mile race, 11:25 a.m., Fayetteville, N.C.

AUTO SHOW

International Automobile Show, New York (through April 13)

BASEBALL

- (Exhibition)
- * Los Angeles Dodgers vs. Milwaukee Braves, 7 p.m. (NBC)
- * New York Yankees vs. Philadelphia Phillies, 7 p.m. (CBS)
- * Detroit Tigers vs. Boston Red Sox, 7 p.m. (Mutual)

BASKETBALL

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Cincinnati

BOATING

McMillan Cup Invernessgate Sailing Race, Chesapeake Bay, Md. (also April 6)

- * Oxford vs. Cambridge, London, England, 1:45 P.M. (BBC)

GOLF

- * Masters Tournament, 3rd day, Augusta, Ga. (also April 6, CBS)
- * All-Star Golf, Billy Casper vs. Paul Harey, Fort Springs, Calif., 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

HORSE RACING

- * The Corbett, \$25,000, 8-yr-olds and up, 1:15 p.m., Jamaica, N.Y., 4:50 p.m. (NBC)
- * Richmond Handicap, \$20,000, 8-yr-olds, 4 f., Golden Gate, Calif.

HUNT RACING

Deer Run Hunt, Richmond

SKIING

Superior Slalom, Downhill Men and Women's Open, Kingfield, Me.
Starwood-Princeton-Eagle Slalom, Parkman, N.H.

TRACK & FIELD

Santa Barbara Relays, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sunday, April 6

BASEBALL

- (Exhibition)
- * Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Kansas City Athletics, Ft. Myers, Fla., 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)

BASKETBALL

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, St. Louis

HOCKEY

Blackie Campbell (of economy), Series "A," Montreal at Detroit, and Series "B," New York at Toronto (also April 8 at Boston)

ROLLER SKATING

- * Roller Derby, New York (ABC, New York locally)

SOCCER

United States vs. Mexico, Mexico City.

Monday, April 7

BASKETBALL

Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Des Moines

BOXING

- * Tony DeMarco vs. Tim Schimidt, welterweights, 10 p.m. (N.Y. New York, N.Y. (Dulles))

TENNIS

Pro tour, Head vs. Gonzalez, White Plains, N.Y. (also April 8)

continued

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COMING EVENTS continued

Tuesday, April 8

- BASEBALL**
(Exhibition)
Philadelphia Phillies vs. New York Yankees,
Charlottesville, N.C., 1:45 p.m. (Mutual)
- BASKETBALL**
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans,
Dayton
- HOCKEY**
Stanley Cup Playoffs, Series "A," Detroit at
Montreal (if necessary)

Wednesday, April 9

- BASKETBALL**
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans,
Albuquerque
- BOXING**
Eddie Machen vs. Zora Foley, heavyweight,
Lima, San Francisco, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- CURLING**
U.S. Men's Curling Championships, Milwaukee
(through April 12)
- HORSE RACING**
The Promises, \$50,000, 3-year-old fillies, 6 f.,
Juvonon, N.Y.
- TENNIS**
Pro tour, Head vs. Gonsky, Tazewell, N.J.

Thursday, April 10

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile
race, \$4,200, Columbia, S.C.
- BASEBALL**
(Exhibition)
Boston Red Sox vs. Cincinnati Reds, Charle-
ston, W.Va., 1:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- BASKETBALL**
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans,
Dallas
- BOAT SHOW**
Los Angeles Sportsman's Veterans Boat and
Trailer Show, Los Angeles (through April 20)
- GOLF**
Greater Greensboro Open, \$15,000, Greensboro,
N.C. (through April 12)
- WRESTLING**
Wrestle Amateur, Delray Beach, Fla. (through
April 16)
- HORSE RACING**
(Harlem)
The California Pace, \$15,000, Santa Anita,
Calif.
- SWIMMING**
National Women's AAU Swimming & Diving
Championships, Dallas (through April 12)
- TENNIS**
Pro tour, Head vs. Gonsales, Princeton, N.J.

Friday, April 11

- BOXING**
Larry Bonds vs. Gale Kerna, lightweight,
10 f., Boston, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- TRACK & FIELD**
Marine Corps Relays, Quantico, Va. (also April
12)

Saturday, April 12

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile
race, \$4,200, Spartanburg, S.C.
- BASEBALL**
(Exhibition)
Baltimore Braves vs. Detroit Tigers, Midde-
sex, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
- NEW YORK YANKEES vs. Philadelphia Phillies**,
New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS-TV, Mutual-
radio)
- GYMNASTICS**
YMCA Championships, Fort Wayne, Ind.
- HORSE RACING**
Experimental Handicap, \$21,000, 3-year-olds,
1 1/16 m., Juvonon, N.Y.
- JUDO**
National AAU Judo Championships, Chicago
(also April 13)
- LACROSSE**
Princeton vs. Johns Hopkins, Princeton, N.J.
Yale vs. Amherst, New Haven, Conn.
- TRACK & FIELD**
Southwestern Relays, Lafayette, La.

Sunday, April 13

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile
race, \$4,200, N. Wilkesboro, N.C.
Clark's Sprint Car Race, 15 miles, Williams
Grove, Pa.
- Mohrigan Economy Run**, Los Angeles to Galva-
nos (through April 17)
- BASEBALL**
(Exhibition)
Philadelphia Phillies vs. New York Yankees,
Philadelphia, 1:35 p.m. (Mutual)

*See local listing

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HANDICAP, MY EYE!

A blinded eye just made the doughty Basilio fight harder but he lost a furious battle to the 'Amazing Mr. Robinson'

by MARTIN KANE

IN SUITE 605-A of Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel there was genteel sipping of drinks in the parlor and a man running about with his head shaved so as to leave a crew-cut "S" of hair on an otherwise naked poll. "S for Sugar," he explained, bowing to display it. "Like a tribute."

In the adjoining bedroom the winner of this citation, Sugar Ray Robinson, was being put to bed by tender-handed aides who stripped off his street clothing, then drew silk blue-striped pajamas onto his well-pummeled body, which two hours ago was a thing of grace and power. Sugar Ray made no unnecessary move to help them. He had stiffened up in the Chicago Stadium dressing room in an hour of postfight ministrations and

had to be half-carried out of the arena and into the hotel. "Even the soles of my feet hurt," he said in a whisper of exhaustion. To regain his middleweight championship of the world he had endured terrible punishment at the hands of Carmen Basilio, who won the title from him last September. The punishment was mostly about the body, where it does not show but where it hurts much more than a punch on the jaw. Basilio had taken severe punishment too, but his showed dramatically, like Oedipus's blindness, in one horribly closed eye puffed to the size of a pullet egg, dyed purple and green, with a pink slit where the lid had been cut.

That eye cost Carmen Basilio his middleweight title, gave Robinson

his fifth winning of a championship he had won, lost, rewon, resigned and rewon, lost and rewon and lost again in a pattern unprecedented in boxing history. Now he had rewon it once more.

While Robinson lay tucked in bed, eyes half-closed, looking like a well-composed corpse with a beige telephone propped against its ear, the voice of George Gainford, his most permanent manager through the years, a man of imperious mien and thereby known as "The Emperor," resounded through the room.

"What are you going to call him now?" big George boomed, savoring the chance to taunt a sporting press which, like the gambling odds, had favored Champion Basilio 2 to 1. "The Amazing Mr. Robinson? Or 'The Miracle Man'? What are you going to call him?"

The sporting press tried not to blush and stood looking fixedly at Robinson.

Sugar Ray whispered some words of reassurance to his mother and the telephone was hung up for him. He murmured some noncommittal answers to questions about the fight and his future, seemed to wish that everyone would please go away. He was clearly exhausted. Only once did he spark brightly to a question, as he might have responded to a jab.

"When did you think you had the fight won?" a reporter asked.

"When the man raised my hand and said 'Winner and new champion,'" he answered.

He managed to add a small smile to that. Then he closed his eyes, and all but the members of his entourage were shoosied out of the suite. One got the impression of leaving a decorous wake rather than the celebration of a triumph.

Oh, death, where is thy sting? The

continued

VISUAL PROBLEM

Ophthalmologists say that each eye sees two-thirds of the total field of vision but that Basilio, having deep-set eyes and a prominent nose, lost slightly more than a third of his vision when his left eye closed, the right eye providing not quite its usual two-thirds. (Shaded area indicates loss.) The loss forced him to shift from his normal stance. In addition, Basilio lost depth perception, which is of vital importance in judging the precise distance a punch must travel.





sting was stuck in Carmen Basilio's left eye, from which bloody tears were to drip during the night.

To understand the handicap under which Basilio labored from the fourth round on, stand in a bobbing, weaving fighter's crouch and close your left eye. With both eyes open you can see a point high on the opponent's chest, which is where fighters concentrate their gaze because they depend on peripheral vision to signal them the starting of an opponent's punch from either side. (You can't look at both hands simultaneously any better way.) The left eye is a major factor in detecting these starting punches because the crouching fighter's head is cocked to the right, left eye upward. The left eye, therefore, provides elevated as well as lat-

eral vision, to include the right hand. Thus with his left eye closed the handicapped fighter is forced not only to turn his head to the left—he must rise from his crouch in order to compensate for the loss of the top third of his field of vision.

But when he rises from his crouch with left eye closed he cannot even take the classical upright stance, which has the left side slightly presented to the opponent. He must face him head on, an awkward situation.

Basilio is no straight-up fighter of the classical style. He is a bobbler and weaver. By an accident of the ring he was required in this fight to stand like a preliminary boy facing, indeed, an opponent of such high skills as to be alone in his generation.

Basilio was at a further disadvantage and recognized it soon after the injury, which was caused by blood

seeping into the eye from a mid-brow bruise incurred in the third round. When the eye closed he lost his depth perception.

"I couldn't gauge my distance," Basilio explained.

Two good eyes provide a stereoscopic effect that tells us how far away an object is, tells a fighter how to time his punches for impact at the moment of its greatest effect.

So now Basilio, though never a figure of essay, natural elegance in the ring, was forced into a totally clumsy stance and at the same time deprived of a night faculty that would give full effect authority to his punching. Furthermore, he is at his best as a hooker and he could no longer see to throw his left hand adequately.

The significance of the closing eye was recognized instantly in Basilio's corner. It touched off a tense drama of decision quite as stirring as the drama in the ring, though not as visible. A closed eye can be opened, but by methods that are unsanitary, ugly and dangerous to eye and brain. The trick is to slit the lid and sack out the accumulation of blood, lymph and what-all. The slit is then seared shut (sometimes by means which are so dangerous as to be illegal) and an ice pack is applied.

To accomplish all this in less than the minute between rounds is a skill to be admired with disgust. Good cut-men know how, and many have steered themselves to it at one time or another. Thus it was that Whitey Blinston, a cut-man of distinction, gave Rocky Graziano his chance to win the middleweight title from Tony Zale, which Graziano then did.

For this operation, Carmen's trainer, Angelo Dundee, one of the finest of corner men, carried a sterile (finicky fellow) razor blade in his kit on the night of March 25. He debated the question in his own quick mind, and he might indeed have used the blade, with the permission of Basilio's co-managers, Joe Netro and Johnny De John, except that these three are men who cherish their fighter more than as a source of wealth.

So between the fifth and sixth rounds there came the fateful moment of decision. There was a brief weighing of the risks, including a practical realization that lancing the eye might start a flow of blood that would stop the fight. They decided in favor of Basilio's ultimate welfare, win or lose. Only ice packs were used. The eye was now fully closed, having had

REMEMBER?

The fabulous Sugar Ray Robinson, the man in the light fulcrum Codrino, has illustrated 19 brilliant years of boxing history. His record of titles won, lost and regained, and his shifts of the age of 37 (or 38) to go through 15 rounds to victory against one of the ring's most damaging sluggers—these are facts without precedent in boxing, unlikely ever to be equaled.

Sugar Ray falls only just short of being a national institution. The better to judge his career and marvel at the length of its span, consider the events of world history it paralleled:

1939 Hitler signs love pact with Stalin. Ray wins Golden Gloves featherweight title.

1940 Leon Trotsky assassinated. Floyd Patterson enters kindergarten. Sugar Ray wins Golden Gloves lightweight title, turns pro.

1941 Japan attacks Pearl Harbor. Sugar wins 29 fights, beating Fritzie Zivic.

1942 First nuclear chain reaction at University of Chicago. Robinson beats LaMotta, then Henry Armstrong.

1944 Roosevelt elected to fourth term. Sugar Ray wins five small fights.

1945 Year of Roosevelt's death, Mussolini's assassination, Hitler's suicide, A-bombs over Japan and war's end. Ray wins eight, and draws against José Basilio.

1946 Lord Haw Haw hanged. Goering commits suicide. Sugar Ray wins welter-

weight championship from Tommy Bell.

1947 Truman Doctrine established. Henry Ford dies. In first title defense Sugar defeats Jimmy Doyle (who was so injured he died soon after the fight).

1948 Gandhi assassinated. Robinson retains welter crown in defense against Bernard Deseaux.

1949 Russia explodes A-bomb. Ray wins 12 fights, including welterweight title bout with Kid Gavilan.

1950 Korean invasion. Brink's Express robbery. Sugar Ray wins 15, beating Robert Villamain, Charley Fusari and Bobo Olson.

1951 Truman fires MacArthur. Robinson KO's LaMotta in winning world middleweight title, loses title to Randy Turpin, wins it back.

1952 Farouk abdicates. Eisenhower elected president. Ray beats Olson again. KO's Rocky Graziano, loses to Joey Maxim in try for light heavyweight title, announces retirement.

1953 Stalin dies. Max Baucus, Mt. Everest scaled. Sugar Ray stays retired.

1954 Supreme Court rules racial segregation in schools unconstitutional. With Olson holding middleweight title, Ray decides to fight again.

1955 Eisenhower has heart attack. Sugar loses to Tiger Jones. Experts plead that he retire. Sugar wins title from Olson.

1956 Khrushchev repudiates Stalinism, crushes Hungarian revolt. Sugar retains title against Olson.

1957 Army deactivates mules. Khrushchev praises Stalin. Ray loses title to Gene Fullmer, gets it back, loses it to Carmen Basilio.

1958 Khrushchev KO's Bulgarian for title. Sugar Ray wins his title back from Basilio in return match. Here we go again.

some acceleration from a Robinson uppercut in the fourth round.

Dr. Richard A. Perritt, eye specialist at Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago, complimented the co-managers and Trainer Dundee on their restraint a few days after the fight, when surgical examination disclosed that neither the eyeball nor the retina had been injured.

If Dundee ("I made a split-second decision not to") had lanced the lid, Dr. Perritt said, he would have risked infection of veins leading to the brain, with cerebral thrombosis (brain clotting) and permanent eye damage as possible results.

"We are being criticized for not cutting the eye," Dr. John said, "but the doctor says we did the best thing when we did not cut. And like Angelo says, 'If it's something I can't handle, I won't handle it.' So it was best we didn't cut.

"It was in the third round he got a bump between the eyes. He got to moving around in the fourth and all that blood began to seep down into the eye and it was beginning to close. Robinson, naturally, he sees this and, naturally, he hits it again. But it was closing by itself anyhow."

So Champion Basilio, by the grace of good, warm consideration for his well-being, was permitted to come out for the sixth round with an eye so closed and swollen and so clearly useless that the crowd of 18,000 in the stadium gasped in horror. With two-thirds of the fight to go, it was a cruel handicap. It had been a handicap in the fifth but the crowd didn't see it clearly then.

Handicap, to be sure, and at the same time handicap, my eye. To Basilio it was a challenge. He punches harder when hurt than when things are going his way. Basilio, who had won three of the first five rounds on this scorecard, raged off his stool and into a Robinson jab in that ominous sixth while Sugar coldly considered this crystallized situation. His man was not totally blind on the left side. While Robinson thought it over, Basilio fought his way inside and hooked to the body in the very way that had twisted Robinson's face into a mask of lip-contorted pain in the first and second rounds. Basilio slammed a right uppercut to the head, an uppercut of a very special kind that he had developed for use against taller fighters like Robinson, who stands 5 feet 11 inches against Basilio's 5 feet 6½

continued on page 85



CRITICIZED for not circling to Basilio's blinded left side, Robinson still made excellent use of hard right-hand punches that Carmen just could not see to block.



ENRAGED, the one-eyed Basilio fought back (above) in round after round, forcing the issue, but in the end (below) could not cope with his bad eye and Sugar, too.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by John G. Zimmerman and Farrell Grehan

A Very Green Tradition

**At the Masters in Augusta
—April 3 to 6 this year—
a half century of great
golfers are annually in action**

For several seasons now the first twosome to tee off in the Masters championship has been Fred McLeod and Jock Hutchison, the latter a 73-year-old transplanted Scot who won the British Open in 1921, the former a slightly older émigré from Scotland who carried off our National Open exactly 50 years ago. The active presence of these two evergreen wonders, the oldest of the champions who annually receive their invitations to play in the Masters, illustrates a salient feature of the tournament's charm and importance. For, apart from the pervasive flavor of sports-at-their-best which emanates from the host, Bob Jones, apart from the testing and exceedingly beautiful course and the superior administration all down the line, the Masters possesses that other absolute requisite for a classic golf event: it has a great field. Everyone is there—the current hot-shots of the pro circuit, the young stars like Billy Casper and Ken Venturi (who could well do in this year's Masters what he just failed to do two years ago); the top-rung amateurs, like Harvie Ward and the irrepressible William J. Patton; and, above all, the magnificent champions of earlier decades, many of them, by the way, extremely capable of winning once again. In this age of quick turnover in heroes, golf is very fortunate compared to other sports. Because of the nature of the game its champions last for years, and one's interest in them naturally grows and grows. There are few finer pleasures for the man who likes the fabric of a living tradition than to walk the course at Augusta and watch the great players of five decades still hitting their great shots, almost as if time had stood still.

FORMING THEIR FAMILIAR PATTERNS, the huge galleries at the Masters spill over what is undoubtedly the finest spectator's course in golf





MOUNTAIN MOZART: Sam Snead, three a winner



RANCHER: Byron Nelson, victor in '37, '42



TRIPLE WINNER ('40, '47, '50): birthdaysless Demard



FIFTH TEXAN to win at Augusta: Jack Burke, 1956



LIKE no other competition in golf, the Masters is both a tournament and a gathering for the players, their families, their friends, their fans. In the air is the flavor of Jones, the South in spring, the young men new to the big time, and the veterans—these especially, the men who have made it the big time. Here in the Masters scene, in action and at ease, are some of the game's great personalities who have fittingly carried the day at Augusta.



MASTERS HOST: Bob Jones surveying the action with T. R. Garlington



DOUBLE WINNER ('51, '52): daisycutless Ben Hogan



FOURSOME of wines: Misses Cudd, Venturi, Cuz, Cherry

SEDENTARY SQUIRE: Sorenson, champion in '55



BEAUTY AND PERIL, typical of the Augusta National, go hand in hand on the 190-yard 14th

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

"Face" at Boca Raton

THE two most interesting golfers in the world just now—we refer, of course, to Torakichi (Pete) Nakamura and Koichi Ono of Japan, who so thoroughly embarrassed Sam Snead and Jimmy Demaret last October at Tokyo's international matches—are in God's country now, getting ready for the Augusta Masters. Gallantly passing up an early chance to practice over the Augusta course, they proceeded to Boca Raton, Fla. last week for a rematch with Snead and Demaret—and lost in paired scores of 142-140 to the Americans in an 18-hole circuit of Sam Snead's wintertime home course.

The match was only a prelude to Augusta, where all four will meet again this week, but it deserves a small note in the history of American golf for one incident and one conversational exchange.

The incident occurred on the 18th green, which the players approached all even. Sam was up in fine shape on his second shot and got his par 4. Demaret was in trouble and took a 5, and Ono joined him when he missed a 3-footer. And now it was Nakamura's turn.

Trapped on his tee shot, he had recovered rather well, but then his third shot was ordinary. Going for the big one, the 132-pounder chipped and came within three feet of sinking his fourth shot. The interval decided the match in the Americans' favor.

Then the gallery saw something that usually doesn't occur on Saturday afternoons at American country clubs. Knowing that he and Ono had lost irrevocably to the famed American pros, Nakamura tapped his ball to one side of the cup, then sank it for a six. Thus, his partner, the less spectacular Ono, had scored bet-

ter than he on the last decisive hole. It was Boca Raton's first lesson in "face" in golf.

Later, in the clubhouse, Pete Nakamura had a snack of rice balls and hamburger. Then he slipped over to Snead.

"Your drive is great," he said in his halting English. "Would it be possible for me to see pictures . . .?"

Nakamura made like a camera grinding away.

"Ah reckon so," Sam Snead answered amiably, in the tones of a West Virginian who understands face, too—"if Ah can see inside that putter you got, boy."

To be continued, obviously, at Augusta.

continued

U.S. BASKETBALL TEAM IS GOING TO TOUR RUSSIA FOR FIRST TIME
—News Item



Meeting at the Summit

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Secret Mission to Scotland

ON A MOONLESS night in early March, twofold-tipped travelers climbed almost furtively aboard a transatlantic airliner at New York's International Airport bound for a secret rendezvous in Scotland. Less than a week later, their mission accomplished, the two were back in New York. Last week, looking anything but furtive as he sat behind a heavy oak table in his Manhattan headquarters, one of them, Joe Dey Jr., executive director of the United States Golf Association, explained what it was all about.

"We had to keep things confidential," Dey apologized, "because it would have been most inappropriate for the British to find out about our plan secondhand, and we had to work fast for the same reason."

The plan Dey and his companion, USGA President John D. Ames, crossed the seas to place before their British counterparts, the governors of Scotland's Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, was the establishment of a world championship amateur golf tournament, which would bring amateur teams from all the interested nations of the world together once every other year.

"Year after year," said Dey, "we've had requests from different countries to send teams to play them.

We simply had to have an umbrella to cover all these interests."

The eminent gentlemen of the Royal Ancient leaped at the bait like sportive salmon and promptly agreed to hold the first matches on their own links next October. Thereafter the



championships will be held at a different place alternating years with a team of four players representing each nation. Next month representatives of the 49 nations invited to join the plan will meet at Chevy Chase, Md. to iron out the final details.

"Our trip was so fast and so successful," said Secret Emissary Dey, "that the only people to miss me were my Sunday School pupils."

Mr. Gray and the D.A.

ALTHOUGH it was Thursday by the calendar, Frank Hogan, New York County's District Attorney, threw his Sunday punch. It landed on Boxing's soft underbelly, and The Industry doubled in real pain.

Hogan sent out two raiding parties last week—one to the offices of

B. Wollman & Bros., Inc., New York furriers, the other to the International Boxing Club—and settled back for days of fascinating reading.

The D.A. was after financial records which he thinks will prove that Frankie Carbo, the old Murder, Inc. hoodlum who enjoys the ominous sobriquet of Mr. Gray in The Industry, has been making a handsome living by picking winners in fights before they start.

One of the partners in B. Wollman & Bros., Inc. is Fight Manager Herman (Hymie the Mink) Wallman, who, Hogan says, is a front man for Carbo.

In a brief filed in General Sessions court (necessary to obtain a search warrant) Hogan said he believed Hymie keeps some interesting non-fur business records which will show that "crimes of conspiracy, violation of laws concerning licensing of managers and bribery of sports participants have been committed in this county by Frank Carbo and other persons."

Presumably, such ledgers would contain records of payoffs to fighters, managers, gamblers and others in the gutter departments of boxing's dirty business.

At any rate, Hogan made it clear he is out to prove that Carbo is, in fact, owner of several fighters, for whom he has puppet managers, and manipulates decisions in fights between his own boys according to the gambling odds.

The D.A. also subpoenaed Harry Markson, general manager of the IBC, to appear before the New York Grand Jury with all IBC records from 1936 to date. This would include the settlements involved in the recent Virgil Aldins-Isaac Logart fight, which Logart lost after the late ringside odds on him temptingly widened from 8 to 6 to 11 to 5.

Meanwhile Carbo, who just a few months ago said he would be glad to talk with Hogan "any time he wants to see me," was busy cultivating his interest in boxing. He took the Broadway Limited to Chicago for the Robinson-Basilio fight with the defrocked Philadelphia fight manager Blinky Palermo as a traveling

They Said It

DAN PARKER, sports columnist, quoting a reader: "The reason the Yankees never lay an egg is because they don't operate on chicken feed."

BURR GRIFF, University of Maryland miler who spent much of winter indoor circuit chasing Ron Delany to the finish line: "Look at the wonderful opportunities I've had to study the form of the best miler there is. I'm the world's greatest authority on Delany's heels."

RAY ROBINSON, when told Carmen Basilio insisted he could have gone another 15 rounds after the championship fight: "Well, maybe he could have went another 15, but he wouldn't have went 'em with me."

ARCHE MOORE, light heavyweight champion, in congratulatory telegram to Robinson on the morning after: DEAR REVEREND YOU PREACHED A NICE SERMON LAST NIGHT AND MANY PEOPLE GOT THE MESSAGE.

companion. Frankie boarded the train in Philadelphia, just beyond subpoena reach of New York.

Horse Opera

WHEN we last left him, you will recall, California's historic hero, Silky Sullivan, had just stuck another horse feather in his cap by slithering five furlongs in mud in the highly creditable time of 1:00 1/2 (84, March 31). Since then (music swells, then fades down and out), Stretch Runner Sullivan has been chafing at the bit preparatory to a flight to Louisville. He and his entourage (second only to Sugar Ray's) have made plans to leave the coast after a limbering-up run for \$10,000 at Golden Gate Fields on April 11. En route, so the script goes, Silky will munch western feeds but wash them down with acclimatizing swizzles of bonded Kentucky spring water. Once arrived, he will set about composing himself for the May 3 Derby.

Meanwhile, TV cameramen are having sleepless nights trying to decide how to focus their lenses on Derby Day. On the leaders? Or on Silky ambuling along possibly 30 or 40 lengths off the pace? One student of the problem finally got to sleep the other night and was soon engulfed in a nightmare. It went like this:

The horses break, and Silky Sullivan immediately assumes his characteristic laggard position. As the leaders drive past the grandstand the first time, the cameramen chuckle and ignore them. Applauding their own good sense, they keep their sights trained hard on Silky, faithfully recording his every plodding plunge around the first turn. Cloppity, cloppity, goes Silky determinedly down the backstretch and into the far turn.

Suddenly TV sets across the nation go blank. A voice charged with urgency breaks in: "We interrupt this program to bring you a bulletin from our newroom. Tim Tam has just won the Kentucky Derby. Jewel's Reward finished second and Nadar was third.

"And now, back to Silky Sullivan. . . ."



"I hardly think it was the fault of the bag, sir. My guess is that clubs were angrily thrust into it."

And as for Tim Tam

MEANWHILE, the character sharing top billing in the foregoing fantasy was conducting himself in a manner calculated to make it the less fantastic. Calumet Farm's Tim Tam spent a profitable Saturday afternoon by winning the \$119,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. A long shot (75-1) named Lincoln Road almost appropriated the spotlight, but Willie Hartack maneuvered the son of Tom Fool through the field of 10 in a way that did no violence to Trainer Jimmy Jones's good opinion of his Kentucky Derby hopeful.

Tim Tam, said Jones after the race, is as good as any 3-year-old around. Did that mean as good as Silky Sullivan?

"Well," said Jones, "I can't have an opinion on Silky Sullivan because I've never seen him. But I'll tell you one thing. Hirsch Jacobs wintered at Santa Anita and when I saw him the other day, he said, 'Jimmy, this Silky is a good colt, a real good colt.' Now I respect Hirsch Jacobs as a very good horseman, and if he tells me Silky is

good, then I just have to believe that Silky is good."

Two other very good horsemen who have seen Silky were at Gulfstream. Said Willie Shoemaker, who rode Silky in the Santa Anita Derby: "Tim Tam didn't look like any world beater to me, and I still think Silky has the best shot at the Kentucky Derby. If Silky can run that last quarter in 24 seconds, that'll get the money."

Eddie Arcaro, who has ridden losers to both Tim Tam and Silky, took a more moderate view. "How the hell should I know who is best?" asked Eddie. "All I've ever seen of either of them is their Thoroughbred rear ends way up in front of me."

Boom Town

DANK, depressing wisps of Wall Street's stubborn recession hung heavy among the clouds of expensive cigar smoke in the fourth-floor banquet hall of Toots Shor's Manhattan restaurant one night last week. Once again, the Cassandras of Dow-Jones

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

had recorded a slump in rails and industrials against which the gains in oils were too slight to be noticeable. But the 160 bankers, brokers and investment counselors gathered in front of Toots's 10-foot-by-8-foot closed-circuit television screen were prepared to make the best of a bearish situation even if they couldn't afford a trip to Chicago. "We wouldn't want to miss a fight like this," explained the senior partner of Zuckerman, Smith & Co., 61 Broadway. "Most of us on the exchange are great sports fans. We've paid \$30 apiece to see the fight here." The price of admission to Toots's private ringside went to a worthy charity, a tolerance group known as the Panel of Americans, and will, of course, be duly deductible at income tax time.

At last the lights in the banquet hall dimmed, and a flickering glow of the Chicago battlefield came to life on the TV screen to reveal Announcer Bill Corum in close conversation with the International Boxing Club's President James D. Norris. The bankers, instantly recognizing an enemy in a man with Norris' tendency to corner markets, hissed loudly, but the time for thoughtful decision was at hand and emotion had to take a back seat.

"I propose a market," said Mr. Zuckerman, rising to his feet. "Since our sentiments seem equally divided and since, according to my calculations, there are only 32 ways the fight can go (two knockout possibilities in each of 15 rounds and two decision possibilities at the end), I propose that the market be orderly." A pool was promptly established and, with their investments made, the brokers settled back to watch the big board, or screen.

"The papers say Robinson is 37," said one skeptic as the challenger took a hard one to the body, "but I'll take 41 and give 39."

Soon after, when a fateful rivulet of blood coursed down Champion Basilio's cheek, Sugar Ray's backers roared like bulls. When it was all over, Broker Zuckerman picked up \$80 on his investment with a broad grin. "A wonderful fight," he announced, "just wonderful." Then, with a shrewd investor's instinct for inspecting the production line, he

added, "I'll bet there'll be a lot of action up in Harlem." Unfortunately, what with rails still off and aircraft mixed, most of the brokers seemed to feel that a good night's sleep would be a better investment on the morning market than a night on the town in Harlem, but a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* eavesdropper picked up the tip and headed north.

Broker Zuckerman turned out to be dead right. The new champ's home territory was a hive of active trading. Even though a sign in the window read **CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS**, the 14-foot neon sign in front of Sugar Ray's restaurant blazed brilliantly—"So the world would know," said Manager Herman Du Bois, in charge inside, "that Sugar is still in business." In the street outside, a passel of dinky, grinning moppets jived in wild circles singing, "Sugar in the mornin', Sugar in the evenin', Sugar at supertime. . . ."

It didn't take a broker's skill to size up the situation in the district where Sugar Preferred is the only stock worth buying. As far as Harlem was concerned, the recession was over.

Dan Hodge's Progress

WHEN DAN HODGE, the Oklahoma wrestler, turned boxer, more than a few of his admirers worried about him. There were predictions that he would be more or less murdered in a sport entirely new to him. Well,



Counterpoint

He was the field trials winner;
He'll claim that honor yet,
Except (oh, what embarrassment)
When told to point he set.

—LINNETT M. BURTON

everybody can relax. Dan Hodge is doing just fine. In fact, in his 17th fist fight the other evening, he won the Golden Gloves heavyweight championship by a knockout and had some veteran observers in the Madison Square Garden crowd of 12,000 comparing him to the young, unpolished Rocky Marciano.

Hodge's victory was all the more impressive for the unlikely way he began. He went after his more experienced opponent, Charley Hood, with an overhead right that he never delivered without dropping his left. It took Hood only a minute to catch on and connect with a punch that sent Dan sprawling in a spectacular backward somersault.

Dan was up before the count of eight, a wiser man. He waded in on Hood to slug toe-to-toe, but now he was keeping his left high. In the second round, Hood fought gamely enough, but Dan's powerful rights and lefts began to tell on him. He wobbled and sagged, and then Hodge threw a right that connected like a woodsman's ax. Hood went down and the spectators, sure that Dan was finished in the first round, now were on their feet cheering.

Hood got up, but Dan closed in and delivered the left now. Hood toppled backward slowly and sank, writhing in pain, then somehow struggled to his feet. But it was too late; the referee stopped it.

Dan Hodge couldn't get out of the ring for 10 minutes as the cheering fight fans jammed the aisles. Finally, he made it to his dressing room, where somebody asked him about the shot that floored him in the first. "The lights went out," said Dan.

One of his Golden Gloves teammates told him why it had happened. "You got to keep the left high and the chin in, see? They gonna kill you if you don't."

Dan nodded. He listened as a man volunteered the opinion that he was ready to take on Pete Rademacher now. "I saw Rademacher fight Patterson," the man said. "I think Dan could take him."

Dan was not making that decision this night. "I've been training so long," he said, "I just want to rest for a couple of weeks. I'll think about turning pro later—not tonight."



OLGA YAKOVA, DISCUS



ONOMAREVA, DISCUS



BALLOD, HIGH JUMP



PRESS, DISCUS



BOGUN, JAVELIN



YELISEYEVA, HURDLES

DISTAFF DIPLOMATS ON THE MARK

IN A BARE moment of pessimism last week, John Foster Dulles conceded that the U.S. might well "lose its shirt" in a diplomatic contest with Russia on Russian terms at the summit. No such pessimism clouds the determination of the potential diplomats who grace this page. Each of them has achieved a summit of sorts on her own and each hopes confidently to sustain her position when some of the best women athletes in the U.S.S.R. meet those of the U.S. in Russia this spring and summer.

The women bordering the page are the pick of Russia's track and field stars who will pit their skills against their U.S. counterparts in a dual track meet at Moscow in late July. The Russian girls, whose performance in general at the 1956 Olympics outshone that of their menfolk, include Discus Thrower Nina Ponomareva; High Jumper Valentina Ballod; 230-pound Olympic Champion Tamara Tshukryevich, who credits her shotput-

ting skill to the fact that "I eat, eat, eat and then I throw farther"; Hurdler N. Yeliseyeva; and 800-meter runner Y. Yermolayeva, whose chance of victory will be augmented by the fact that American girls do not ordinarily compete at this distance.

Even the most ardent partisans of the West concede these determined distaffers a good chance at victory in the ancient sport of track and field. But Western prestige may still hold its own and more on the Soviet summit when a team of 12 top girl basketballers representing the U.S. arrives in Moscow late this month to tour Russia in a series of games against the best girl cagers of the U.S.S.R.

Whatever the outcome in either sport, the ablest women in two disparate worlds of sport will have ample opportunity this season to take full measure of each other's skill in what might once have been called "open diplomacy openly arrived at."



YEZHINA, SHOTPUT



YERMOLAYEVA, 800 METERS



TSUKRYEVICH, JAVELIN



TSUKRYEVICH, SHOTPUT



IUTKINA, 200 METERS



POPOVA, 100 METERS



RUSSIA-BOGUN BASKETBALLERS include (front row, kneeling) Barbara Sipes and Sandra Flete of Iowa Wesleyan College, Kay Garmes and Kay Washington of Wayland; (back row) Coach John Head, Margaret Holloran, Nela White, Joan Crawford, Joan Brown, Shirley Byrd and Peggy Tate, all of Nashville Business, plus Edith Keaton and Lucille Davidson from Kansas City Midland.

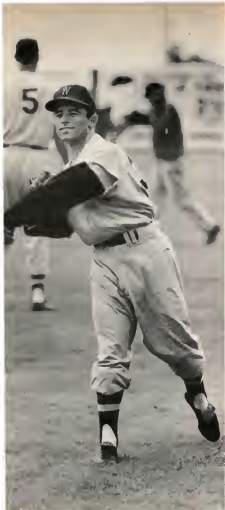
WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

YOUTH ON TRIAL

In the hot, pressure-packed days of a pennant race, attention has a way of focusing upon the old pro, for he has proved that he can deliver in August as well as in April. But every old pro was once a rookie himself and now, in the blossoming world of big league baseball, it is spring, and spring is a time for rookies. Here, selected from the 16 training camps, are the rookies of 1958 who could very well become old pros one day themselves. February phenoms have a way of fading fast, but these appear to be ready, and this is what sets them apart. Spectacular or steady, publicized or almost unknown, they have the talent and ability needed by some big league club, and theirs are the new faces baseball fans will be seeing on television screens and in big league parks this year. The best ones will still be attracting attention when the pressure is on in August.

DETERMINED TIGER Bob Shaw was star of Cuban Winter League, reminds Manager Jack Tighe of Bob Lemon. A well-educated (St. Lawrence U.), poised 24-year-old from The Bronx, he has rare control, a good slider, curve and fast ball.



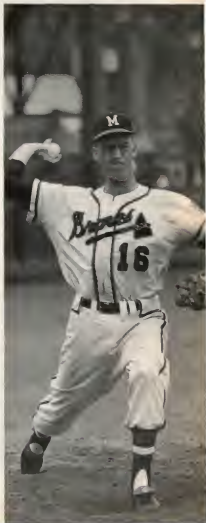


SMALLEST SENATOR, in fact the littlest big leaguer, is ebullient (but intensely religious) Albie Pearson, who has won everyone with his charm and won the regular center field job with his ability. Only 5 feet 5 inches tall and 144 pounds, this 22-year-old from California can hit the ball amazingly hard, can run and has a really great arm.

HARD LUCK KID for two years while trying to crack Yankee lineup, tall, graceful Norm Siebern now looks like Casey's long-lost left fielder. A left-hand hitter with fair power, he tore the American Association apart with Denver in '57, hit .349 and 24 home runs with 118 runs batted in. Quiet, single and 24 years old, he comes from Missouri.

continued

BEST YOUNG PITCHER in the well-stocked Milwaukee farm system last year was slender Curkett Willey, who won 21 games, struck out 174 for Wichita with steaming fast ball. An impressive performer this spring, he could win a job even on the deep, talented Braves staff.



WONDERFUL WORLD

continued

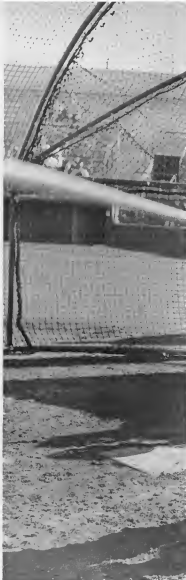
MOST SENSATIONAL rookie has been 19-year-old Redleg Outfielder Vada Pinson. Appears small (5 feet 11, 170 pounds) but hits with left-handed power and can go to first in same time as Mickey Mantle (3.3 seconds). Hit .367, stole 53 bases in Class C, has just about convinced Manager Birdie Tebbets he doesn't need more experience after all.



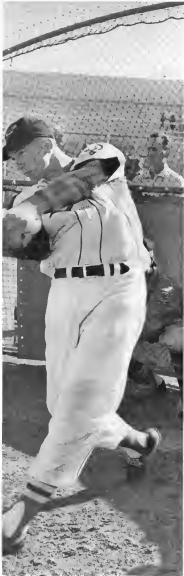
TOBACCO - CHEWING

Georgian Phil Clark looks like the relief pitcher Cards so badly need. A calm, hard competitor, he has sharp control and a good sinker ball. Big (6 feet 3 inches, 210 pounds) and strong, he was in 63 games last year for Houston's Dixie Series champions, won 16 and lost only six with brilliant earned run average of 1.83.

HANDSOME Haywood Sullivan, once a football star at Florida, is about to become a big league catcher at Boston. Now 27 and with three years of high minor league experience, he has learned how to catch, which is what the Red Sox wanted. They were always pretty sure he could hit. Intelligent and confident, he is 6 feet 4, weighs 210 pounds.



HER APPARENT to the Orioles shortstop job, now held by weak-hitting Willie Miranda, is Ronnie Hansen, a tall, rangy 19-year-old with only one season of pro experience.



but the field grace and strong arm of a Marty Marion, whom he closely resembles. Not yet a good hitter, he is a determined worker, should show rapid improvement.



INSURANCE for the aging Los Angeles outfield is 22-year-old Don Demeter, a big, fast Oklahoman who can field like the dickens and hit with power. He missed out on spring training because of military service, but Dodger brass know what he can do and count on him as eventual replacement for either flailing Duke Snider or Carl Furillo.

GLARING NEED at Cleveland is for in-field help, and slobbily muscled 24-year-old Georgian, Billy Moran, may become the starting Indian second baseman. Not a topflight hitter, he is very quick, has great speed on the bases and is outstanding with a glove. Wears a tough, constant grin and is the type to keep a ball club alive and on its toes.



BIG HITTER Giants have been waiting for to join Mays in the outfield is Willie Kirkland, 24, who had tremendous minor league record before service hitch, now looks as if he is ready to go. A big, strong left-handed slugger with real power, he has much to learn about playing the outfield, but good speed and a strong arm will help.

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Every spring trout fishermen return to the streams, always tempted by the remembered pleasures of a familiar run but sometimes also by the dream of discovering new and rewarding water. To add to the temptations, on the following 20 pages three expert anglers offer

3 TROUT STREAM DISCOVERIES FOR FLY-FISHERMEN



SPARSE GREY HACKLE

To find new fly-fishing waters, Arthur W. Miller, a writer and fisherman beloved under the pen name of Sparse Grey Hackle, left his favorite Catakill haunts to explore the limestone feeders of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania. After prowling the fertile but little-known fly waters of that area, he wrote a report on his findings, which begins on page **38**



JOHN McDONALD

John McDonald, a business writer for *FORTUNE* and a knowledgeable man on a wide variety of subjects, is devoted both as writer and vacationer to the sport and art of fly-fishing. Of all the western waters that he has searched, McDonald selects a short mile-long creek in Montana for its abundance of fish, its surprises and its challenges, which he examines on page **55**



RODERICK HAIG-BROWN

Canadian magistrate, conservationist and author, Roderick Haig-Brown has fly-fished a fair part of the world, from his native Britain to the Argentine. For a trout stream of great promise, seldom tried by fly-fishermen but in easy reach of many, Haig-Brown has chosen a Pacific Coast river in western Washington. He reports on this new favorite of his on page **63**



PENN'S CREEK, FAMOUS FOR YEARS AMONG LOCAL BAIT ANGLERS, HAS SELDOM BEEN TRIED BY SERIOUS FLY-FISHERMEN

IN PENNSYLVANIA:

Penn's Creek

For 40 miles of its course through the eroded ramparts of the Appalachians, a rare and fertile limestone stream offers varied opportunities to trout fishermen

by SPARSE GREY HACKLE

KARONDINWA, the Indians called it, but the white men named it after William Penn's grandson, and it appears on maps variously as John Penn's, Penn's or Penn Creek. Most eastern anglers would call it a river. It has brown and rainbow trout, certainly up to seven pounds' weight and possibly twice that, throughout its more than 40 miles of fishing. It is rated by the few experts who know it as the best fly-rod trout water in the East.

In a manner of speaking, no one knows this splendid stream which flows so close to the homes of a million anglers. Even its name is scarcely known outside the Keystone State, because it is fished mostly by Pennsylvanians. And only a handful of those realize its fly-fishing potential, since nearly all of them are either bait fishermen or spinners.

Penn's Creek lies in the angle between the main Susquehanna and its West Branch tributary and is 60 miles long. The first 40 miles of it are trout-fishing water; the last 20 miles are visited only by bass fishermen. It emerges as a full-fledged trout brook, too wide to jump across, from Penn Cave, near Bellefonte in Centre County. At its mid-point, around Weikert, it is as wide as the big Beaverkill, a hundred feet or more, but has more water in it. From Glen Iron down to White Springs, where the trout fishing is ordinarily said to end, it is really boat water, it being impossible to cover the big, long pools otherwise. In fact, it is possible to "boat" and fish the river from Coburn down, on the spring high water, and each year a few adventurous anglers do so.

Penn's Creek flows between two

great Appalachian ramparts, through a V-shaped valley which is gentle farmland at the lower, wide end but steep and rugged at the upper, where the sides crowd close to the stream. For the middle half of its fishing length it runs between steep, forested and infinitely lonely slopes, a typical mountain stream with white water, rapids and rocky bottom which requires strong legs and a staff to wade in the early season. But on both its upper and lower ends it flows quietly through open fields, over a fine gravel bottom which is weeded in some places. There are but four tiny villages on its 40 miles of trout water. There is not an inch of posted water on Penn's, for it is navigable, the early settlers ran loaded 40-foot "arks" down it on the high water.

The first 14 miles from Penn Cave to Coburn are open meadow water, dead smooth, quiet, gravel-bottomed and easy wading. They are fished hard at the beginning of the season, but this is such lovely dry-fly water that the visitor should plan to try it out after the fly season is far enough along to have discouraged the bait fishermen. Below Coburn there are four miles of water beginning to be a mountain stream, down to Poe Paddy State Park. The "village" (one resident family) of Ingaby's is the fishing capital of this upper river. Into this stretch empties Elk Creek, an excellent fishing stream, which just above the junction receives Pine Creek, a small but also excellent stream. The whole area is notable for

its fishing. From Poe Paddy State Park down to the junction of Cherry Run, above Weikert, are some five miles of relatively inaccessible and therefore lightly fished mountain stream which is such fine water as to be worth the trouble of walking to it—fast, broken water and deep pools. One, which has the remarkable name of Aumaller's Bottom, has produced some unbelievable fish.

Cherry Run itself, though small, is rated one of the half-dozen best brook-trout streams in the state and can be fly-fished with a short rod. From Cherry Run down to Glen Iron there are about 10 miles of cable or camp country; the woods are dotted with them, including a number of colonies or groups. Here the valley is widening out and the slopes become gentler, but it is a rough and rugged stretch of water with deep holes, white water, flats, "spinning wheels" (big deep eddies) and every variety of water, all rough-bottomed. Here is where the fishing pressure centers so that parking is sometimes a problem, for space is limited.

Below Glen Iron the river is flat, gravelly and weedy and it is really boat water, but a man with high waders and high determination, plus a good casting arm, can do a lot in it. The trout fishing is generally held to end at White Springs, but every knowledgeable and experienced angler whom I queried said emphatically that bigger fish than the upper water holds can be found in the junction pools and cold holes clear down to and including the confluence of

Penn's with the Susquehanna River.

Penn's Creek is a limestone stream. Limestone trout streams are comparatively rare in the United States, but in the central part of Pennsylvania, where the Appalachians end and the Alleghenies begin, there is a whole group of them. "Downstate," around Harrisburg, they are meek, muddily and choked with weed although unbelievably fat with fish food, as are all limestones. But the northern streams are mountain and forest waters, among which Penn's Creek is outstanding for its size, its wooded valley and its bold and varied aspect. At first sight it appears to be a typical dashing "freestone" (non-limestone) river. But it is a limestone, and its basic characteristics are those of an English chalkstream however little it may look like one.

FOOD FOR THE FISH

It is so fantastically rich in food elements that every stone is covered with the underwater forms of stream insects, and the water is a milky gray-green with plankton and other microscopic food organisms. It is always so cool that it has fine fly-fishing all summer long. It carries through the winter as much as 75% (an incredible proportion on any other type of stream) of the stocked fish left in it at the end of the fishing season, since it never has destructive "anchor," or bottom, ice. Its flow is so stable that even after going without any rainfall worth mentioning between early April and late September last year, it was down by only about two feet and

fishable right up to its source. And all because of its limestone spring origin.

As a "composite" stream, Penn's Creek has fewer of the round-bodied, free-swimming and burrowing types of May fly nymphs than are found in the "pure" limestones. But it has incredible quantities and innumerable species of the flat-bodied clambering types characteristic of fast water. It is loaded, too, with the big black-and-yellow stone fly nymphs and with various caddis, including the grannom with the green egg sac. Fishermen coming out of the stream often find the whole front of their waders covered with crawling caddis flies and gluey egg masses.

The main hatches on Penn's Creek begin in early April with a small dark-winged *Ephemera*, which is imitated by the artificial Hendrickson and the Red Quill. Then from late April into late May there comes every day, conveniently between 10 o'clock and noon, a good solid hatch of small "sulphurs" of the *Ephemera* subvaria group, which look like the familiar Light Cahill (*Stenonema* *flava*) of the freestone streams but have bodies ranging in color from cream to butter. This hatch is always a dramatic event. One moment the stream is entirely dead and the next it is covered with rising fish as the golden-bodied little beauties begin bursting from the surface and taking wing.

Penn's Creek is famous for its hatches of the shad fly, or green

continued



Penn's Creek emerges from the strata of Penn Cave as a full-fledged trout creek. In the first winding miles, it moves easily over a gravel bottom, then, below Coburn,

it takes on the aspects of a mountain stream, finally widening and flattening again. Below White Springs, while there is still chance for trout, it is essentially boat water.

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PENN'S CREEK *continued*

drake, between May 25 and June 15, which, normally though not invariably, are tremendous in volume. As on other waters, the dums—green drakes—hatch sporadically through the day, but Penn's hatches are often so large as to bring the fish to the surface and thus provide good dry-fly fishing during the day. The fall of spinner—gray drakes—comes at dusk like a thunderclap, a tremendous thing. The air is so thick with the huge white-bodied, black-tailed, gray-winged flies that one cannot see a man a hundred yards upstream, and every backwater is covered with drifted windrows of the spent insects. That is when every fish in the river feeds, and it is nothing unusual for an angler to get into four or five huge trout, one after another—fish so big and strong that they cannot be held but run off downstream to the end of the line and break the leader unless the fisherman has a great deal of backing line, skill and luck.

It is a special glory of Penn's Creek that even after the green drake is off, there continue to be intermittent hatches of a great variety of flies, right through to Labor Day, and, hence, good fishing. In fact, the fishing is so uniformly good on Penn's that one expert prefers the first weeks of the season, to April 20; another, late April through May, for the sulphurs; a third, May 25 to June 15, the shad-fly season; and one of the best prefers July and August. Among these late-hatching flies are some, variously identified as blue dun and iron blue dun, so small that they are successfully imitated only with Nos. 20 to 24 artificials.

So little fly-fishing is done on Penn's Creek, relatively speaking, that, to my knowledge, no special fly patterns have been developed for it nor is there a single custom flytier in the area. However, the following standard patterns are popular (note that all except the drakes—which imitate the shad fly—should be No. 14 or smaller, whether wet or dry):

For dry flies, the Hendrickson, Red Quill, Light Cahill, Pale Sulphur (like the Light Cahill but with yellowish silk body in a range of shades), Red Fox, Ginger Quill, Pale Evening Dun and Spinner, Grannom, and the Green, Gray and Black Drakes.

For wet flies, the Hendrickson, Light Cahill, Light Sulphur, Leadwing

continued

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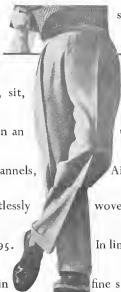
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PENN'S CREEK continued

Coachman and all the flat-bodied nymphs, particularly the Stone Fly.

Everyone who knows Penn's Creek agrees emphatically that it is very difficult to fish because the fish are so well fed. They do not strike vigorously but sip delicately after careful inspection, and will not come at all unless the offering is perfectly made and the artificial matches the hatch. With the dry fly long floats are necessary, since the fish often follow a fly, artificial or natural, for five feet or more, inspecting it closely before either taking or rejecting it. The catch of the average fly-fisherman on Penn's is poorer than on many freestone streams but the good angler can really clean up after he learns the water.

It is impossible to bring such well-fed fish to the surface by "fishing the water" with big, fancy patterns when there is no natural hatch. Even when there is a hatch, it is usually too sparse to bring the fish up and start them feeding. So most of the good surface fishing is confined to the period after sunset—and, too often, after dark—when the more concentrated falls of spinner occur. For this reason Penn's is generally regarded as primarily a wet-fly stream. But the man who wants fun more than fish can have rare sport with the dry fly in the daytime if he will fish only to rising fish, and match the hatch.

A CONSTANT STREAM

It is difficult to fish a wet fly upstream on Penn's, since the water is colored and one cannot see the fish coming to the fly. The standard method is therefore "across and down," throwing slack behind the fly to give it a natural drift and allow it to sink as much as possible; ordinarily, it is advisable to fish deep. Many Penn's anglers fish a wet fly or a nymph during a hatch instead of a dry imitation of the emerging dun.

In the early season there is fishing all the way from Penn Cave to White Springs, but after the middle of June the fishing will be better above Welkert. In the inlet pools of Welkert Run, Cherry Run, Poe Creek, Elk Creek and—in Elk—Pine Creek, there are always fish and often big ones, for there the water is always cold. In brassy mid-August of a drought year I found the water at Welkert to be under 70° in the morning and 72° in midafternoon.

continued



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Of course there are no records, but casual inquiry elicited the following reports of good fish taken, mostly last year but a few in 1956; bear in mind that Penn's fish run very heavy for size—a 22½-inch fish will go a full five pounds. There are no big-headed lanky slinks in this fat water.

Near Coburn, one man—a great expert, to be sure—got 32 fish, 16 to 18 inches, on locust in 1957 and took

five, same sizes, in an evening, on natural May fly. In the same area another great expert took four fish over 20 inches, a 16-inch and an 18-inch fish, all in one day and night. The foregoing were all brown and rainbow trout.

The following were also taken: below Coburn, a 27-inch brown, and a 20-inch rainbow; Jo Poe Paddy Park, a 23-inch rainbow and a 14-inch speckled brook trout; in Aumiller's

continued

HOW TO GET THERE WHERE TO STAY WHAT TO BRING

Route to Penn's Creek. The car traveler from the north or east aims for Williamsport, Pa., on the West Branch of the Susquehanna 30 miles north of the Penn's Creek confluence. To reach Penn's headwaters from Williamsport take U.S. Route 220 to Millersburg, then State Route 53 through Bellefonte to Centre Hall on State Route 45, not far from Penn Cave. To reach the lower water from Williamsport take U.S. Route 15 to Lewisburg, then west on State Route 45. One can also go to Lock Haven; take State Route 880 to Logansport and then take a narrow gravel road through Livonia to the intersection of State Route 45, which parallels Penn's Creek at some distance. It is from this route that fishermen can pick the gravel roads running to a number of the good fishing spots I mention on these pages. To reach the lower waters from the south or west take U.S. Route 15 from Harrisburg to Lewisburg. For the upper part of the creek, take U.S. 220 from the west to Millersburg.

Allegheny Air Lines maintains a good schedule to Williamsport, where the air traveler can rent a car. The Pennsylvania Railroad has service between Harrisburg and Williamsport.

Food and lodging. Penn's Creek is a good place to fish, but no place for the fisherman who feels obliged to eat and sleep in grand style. Few tourists move through the area, so there are no motels of merit. Roadside food is scarce and mediocre. The best bet for the fisherman trying the upper creek is the Brinkerhoff Hotel in Bellefonte. For the lower creek, about the only place close by is the Millifinburg Hotel in Millifinburg—decent accommodations

and good food at low prices. At Woodward, on State Route 45, there is the small, clean Woodward Inn.

Tackle recommendations. In addition to the equipment I have favored in my full report on these pages, for the visitor who plans night fishing I suggest also a nine-foot bass bug rod.

Special equipment. Beyond my recommendations on these pages, I endorse, for the fisherman intent on prowling, a good insect repellent, a good compass and good detailed maps. The fisherman would do well to order from the Geological Survey, Washington 25, D.C., the Centre Hall, the Millheim, the Millifinburg and the Sunbury quadrangles—with woodland coverage, scale 1:62,500—of the topographic series of Pennsylvania.

Guides. There are no guides explicitly for hire as such, but I found plenty of local fishermen who offered to take me along as a companion, gratis. In Weikert, right on Penn's Creek, the Union County Sportsmen's Club has taken over an old C.C.C. camp. They have pretty good food, double-decker bunks (for which members supply their own bedding) and a beer bar. It is the place for meeting the men who know the creek. You can join the club for a \$2 initiation and \$4 annual dues. At least go in the club and gaze at the 24-pound brown trout that was speared in the Bellefonte hatchery and now hangs on the wall.

Licenses and laws. The resident license costs \$5.25; nonresident license fee is reciprocal with your state but \$5.25 minimum. License available from Department of Revenue, Miscellaneous Licenses Section, Harrisburg, Pa., or county treasurers or from local sporting goods stores in Lewisburg, Bellefonte, Millifinburg and Millheim. Season is from April 15 to Labor Day. Limit eight trout (any species) a day, six inches minimum. Check syllabus given with license for exceptions.

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PENN'S CREEK *continued*

Bottom, below the park, a 27-inch brown; in Butter Rock Hole (pool) below Cherry Run, a big rainbow. In the same place, the previous year, Guy Gheen of Sunbury lost "a tremendous fish" on a big irresistible when the hook straightened—probably after dark. And in the next pool below, Mr. Chapman saw a 36-inch brown run right aground while chasing a 15-inch brown last year.

Also last season a Welkert angler got a limit of brook trout up to 12 inches and turned over another of about 16 inches in Cherry Run, on grasshopper, in mid-August. And a week later a boy, Skir Vonada of Woodward, got a 21½-inch brown and a 16-inch rainbow and lost "the big one," on grasshopper, all in one day, in Little Pine Creek right in the village.

Note that most of these fish were taken in the upper river, and most of them on bait. The two facts are interrelated. There are just as many big fish in the lower water; in fact, more and bigger. But fishing there requires long casts, a near impossibility with natural bait and a complete one for fishermen who don't have rods capable of it and can't cast anyway.

BIG BY DAY, BIGGER BY NIGHT

Although the Penn's Creek angler always has a real and substantial chance of getting into a big fish by daylight, the devoted big-fish fisherman will go after them at night. And, considering how the Pennsylvania anglers demand meat, it is curious that so little night fishing is done in this, one of the few states in which it is legal. The universal lure for big fish is grasshopper, although in a locust year the fieldie-playing cicada is as popular as the saltatorial, tobacco-chewing "hopper, and I think the difficulty of getting either one out of a box and onto a hook in the dark is the reason why there is so little night fishing.

But just as effective and capable of being cast far and often besides are artificial imitations of these naturals, along with a hair mouse, a bass plug spanked down and wiggled like a drowning June bug or a salmon dry fly "weeked" to imitate a big moth that has run out of gas and ditched.

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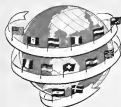
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PENN'S CREEK continued

on the lower ends of these northern limestones one has a sporting chance of getting into two or three or four big fish, three pounds or better, in a night. However, the angler is categorically warned that under no circumstances should he go at night into water which he has not explored by day. He should carry at least two flashlights, have a companion and refrain from swinging his arms in heavy brush.

The fisherman on Penn's Creek should not grasp tree branches to pull himself out of the stream, and in general should keep his hands off things. That is because there are some rattlesnakes in Pennsylvania, just as there are in every other state that has trout fishing, except possibly Maine and New Hampshire. Fishermen do not see them or even know of their existence because usually they are not found along streams. But they live mostly on mice, and mice must have water, green food and grasshoppers for subsistence. When drought drives the mice down to the swamps and streams, the rattlers follow them. The Pennsylvania angler's chances of being bitten are astronomically smaller than his chances of being killed on the highway driving to the stream.

Experienced Penn's Creek fishermen agree that the spring wading is rough, difficult and even somewhat dangerous; a wading staff is a necessity and maybe even a Mae West, they say. But two things indicate that this alarmist advice needs a grain of salt. One is that the country boys get along pretty well in plain rubber boots, which are mighty slippery footwear. The other is that the strongest warnings come from the most daring waders, those who try to cross the stream in high water or attempt to follow a big fish downstream over the boulders.

"I got into an enormous fish and tried to follow him down," said Bill Grant, a well-known Sunbury angler. "He had me all the way under water three times before he smashed me up [i.e., broke the leader]." No one but a real "algerine" would even try to follow a fish over those boulders.

And that brings us to a fascinating and curious word which is not merely local to the area but apparently dying out. Its derivation is a mystery, unless it refers to the fierce, bearded Algerine pirates whom the U.S. Navy

trounced off "the shores of Tripoli" in 1804, but its present meaning is, approximately: a native; an oldtimer; a hard-case hunter or fisherman whose passion for the sport drives him to any lengths, a fisherman who will wade up to the chin and take any chance in order to reach a big fish, one who doesn't shave from the time he goes into the woods until he comes out, nor is touched by water, internally or externally, except when he falls in. It is not necessary to be an algerine to fish the limestone creeks but a touch of it helps.

SLIPPERY FOOTING

Much of the stream bottom is composed of rough, closely spaced, parallel limestone ridges, the eroded tops of folded strata. This makes for difficult wading, but hobnails hold well on it. But in the mountain section from Ingleby to Glen Iron, there are a lot of water-rounded stones too big for hobnails to grip and slippery with stream growths. Here the local experts use chain sandals over felt soles, but good plano-felt soles and leather heels studded with big, widely spaced, iron hobnails will do as well.

The rest of the tackle is conventional—good high waders, an eight- or nine-foot rod, according to preference, and at least 100 yards of backing on the reel. Hard-braided, waterproofed, nylon bait casting line, 10- or 12-pound test, is strong and compact and tends to float, making it easier to retrieve one's backing. For either wet or dry fly, 4x leader points are standard except for the tiny Nos. 20 to 24 flies, which require points finer than 5x (.005"). For these platyl must be used. Leaders should be nine feet for wet and 12 feet for dry fly. The best wading staff is the one you cut on the stream bank and tie to yourself with a yard of cord. You will need a landing net and, by all means, let it be a big one, a full arm's length deep.

On a stream with such densely overgrown banks the angler is apt to have difficulty in finding the place at which he left his car and entered the water. If he has a small roll of toilet paper in his coat, he can drape a few yards of it on the bushes for a conspicuous marker which may save him much futile tramping and worry.

Although the pampered Beaverkill angler, who will not go a hundred yards from his car to reach the farthest bends, would call Penn's Creek inaccessible, it is easier to get to than

continued on page 58



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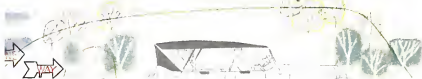
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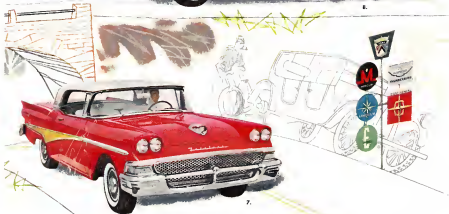
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any other stream of the area. A decrepit one-track railroad (one train a day some days; no passenger service) closely parallels the river from White Springs to Penn Cave and offers a direct route although it is rough and cinderly walking. It is the only means of covering the stretch between Cherry Run and Tunnel Mountain (which is a mile below Coburn) except for a gravel road which comes in to Inglesby and another which starts outside Coburn and, after going up and down some hearty grades, winds up in Poe Paddy State Park at the river. A gravel road follows the stream from Penn Cave down to Tunnel Mountain. From Cherry Run to White Springs, various gravel roads come in to the river at frequent intervals, as any road map shows. Along the more popular stretches the fishermen soon beat paths along the bank.

There are two remarkable fishing spots along this river where one can leave his car, fish around three sides of a mountain spur—a mile for Tunnel Mountain and 1½ miles for Poe Paddy Park—and end up within 25 or 50 yards of his car, to which he returns by walking through the railroad tunnels which pierce each of these spurs. Both stretches of water are fine fishing.

The people of the Penn's Creek area, you will find, are courteous, helpful but independent Pennsylvania Dutch descendants of the early settlers. Some curious of the area are worth noting: the area is making one of the last gallant stands for the double bed. Usually a double cabin or hotel room means one big room and one big bed. Also, meat is uniformly cooked to death. What you call a rare steak, around Penn's Creek is regarded as still bellowing and struggling.

Your first fishing trip to Penn's Creek should not be a picnic with the wife and kids but an expedition with a stouthearted companion and a thoroughly reliable car with not too little road clearance. Distances are long and lonely, and townships and repairmen few and far between. Take a week early in the season to find accommodations, learn the river and the roads and make friends. Then go back in May fly time and convince yourself that there is no fishing in the East to compare with that on Penn's Creek.

For John McDonald's report on Armstrong's Creek, turn page



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IN MONTANA:

Armstrong's Creek

On a short, spring-born tributary of the Yellowstone River the angler enjoys a complex of problems in fishing for a bounty of large trout that are partial to small flies

by JOHN McDONALD

There are two classes of water which make the highest appeal to the imagination and the emotion. There are those which are unknown and unfished, whose mysterious depths may contain anything, and which you are the first to explore. Everyone who has fished such known with what expectation and once you draw near. But no emotion equally strong, though different, is given by fishing a river which has been fished for centuries. As I walk its banks I like to think of those who walked before me.

—John Waller Hills
in "A Summer on the Test"

WHEN I was asked to write about a "dream creek" I thought immediately of several, and to choose among them I imposed some criteria known to be of interest to experienced dreamers.

It must be old enough to satisfy Sparse Grey Hackle's condition that angling is tradition; anglers of taste and intelligence must have walked its banks for at least a century. Contrary to Sparse's doctrine, however, it must contain an average run of good-sized trout and not a few monsters, and yet the largest fish must take an interest in only the smallest flies. It must be a dry-fly creek par excellence and, of course, good as well for sunk fly and nymph. And there must be something unexpected about it.

The first time I came upon Armstrong's Creek, in the Montana valley called Paradise, I was startled by what I saw and unaware of its significance. To the west lay the foothills of the Gallatin Range; to the east, rising sharply to an 11,200-foot

peak, the Absarokas, "land of the raven," named for a noble race of hunters and fishermen, the Crow Indians. My friend Dan Bailey and I were looking for ducks. It was December and 23° below zero. On our way across a plain of snow that lay over the land we came on the creek, cutting its clear, green way through banks of ice. As we stood there, guns under arms, gazing at this wonder, a trout rose and slashed his tail as he turned down. Then another and another. The creek was boiling. I never saw the hatch but Bailey told me about the snow fly, a tiny Diptera, or true fly, that hatches in the winter and is named not for its own color but for that of the landscape into which it usually emerges. The snow fly is gray to near-black and may be represented by the Black Quill or Mosquito No. 18, or No. 16 with a short-shank hook. What I did not immediately realize was that I had seen the reason why this creek is one of the finest and "oldest" trout streams in the United States, and a creek upon which nature and custom have imposed the most rigorous conditions of fly-fishing and conservation.

SUMMER IN PARADISE

It was several years before I saw the creek again and then it was summer, and paradise. From the meadow through which it flows the snow still showed, as it always does in the high crevasses of the Absarokas. Beyond them, the wilderness, the proximity of which one never forgets. Around about lay the great, green-yellow, half-irrigated, half-prairie-

like valley, western in its vastness—15 miles wide, 40 long—through the center of which winds the Yellowstone, the stateliest of western rivers. Overhead, phantom storms gather, blacken, blow and vanish. The creek, a tributary of the Yellowstone, is just one mile long and, fortunately, too low to be tapped for irrigation. It starts from the ground in one great gush and flows gently, steadily, constantly and firmly, 100 to 200 feet wide and waist-deep, on its brief course to the river. Thickets of tall grass, shrubs, river willows, wild roses and myriad growths hedge its banks. Hereford cattle of the Armstrong Ranch, one of the finest herds in Montana, grant their pleasure as they graze in the meadow or stumble across the fords and into the cottonwoods. Here and there mallards, blue heron, porcupines, families of pretty skunks; innumerable small birds streaking from cover to cover. There is shade in which to lie and rest or write a letter. In the still evening, the watery clump of the otter, the slap of the beaver, the slow glide of the muskrat—a river-jungle oasis in a sub-arid air and an angler's pastoral.

Spring creeks are a peculiar species of water. The essence of their peculiarity lies in their stability: their mean temperature favors constant growth in the life within them the year round; neither ice nor flood scours their bottom. And so they are unusually productive beyond all measures based upon other kinds of water, and yield hatches of flies even when the air is below zero—though I can't imagine how the flies like it after they emerge. Armstrong's flows into a great river, yet its trout run on the average larger and are relatively more numerous than those of the river. It is a poor creek for spinning tackle, for the rig tangles in the grasses; only fly rods are seen in the creek. Along its edges, the fly-fisher wades through beds of water cress. In the center of the creek the grass grows long and thick and supports pads of moss on the surface. Across any 40 feet of hue many currents of different

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ARMSTRONG'S CREEK continued

widths and speeds will torture the fly from its natural course and put down a rising trout. A thousand tiny whirls animate the surface, some made by convoluting currents, some—easily distinguishable—by the unseen twisting motion of rising trout. So silent is the creek that one can hear the sip and suck of the trout when the hatch is on, as it is likely to be between 10 in the morning and 2 in the afternoon; and from the size of the rise, typically smaller than a tulip, there is no way to tell whether the trout is a 10-inch or a four-pounder.

LARGE TROUT, SMALL FLIES

For reasons I do not know, the duns that emerge, flutter over and sail down this water in flocks of hundreds of thousands are small, and the trout like them even smaller. Your No. 14 Light Cahill, riding between two stretches of moss in the direction of a ring where flies steadily disappear, looks like a flagship, and the trout appears to think so too, for he stays down a while after it passes over him. No. 18 the trout likes, and when he goes off with it into the grass, he usually makes short work of the 5 or 6x leader required of so small a fly. Some anglers indulge themselves with a No. 20 hook, and if it is not tied with feathers appropriate to larger sizes (as it often is), it is a great delicacy, much enjoyed—and safely—by the trout. The optimum size is No. 16, small enough to be reasonably attractive, and large enough to take a leader with the strength to hold the fish. Often it is better to trim a No. 16 before going to a No. 18. Although the trout are extremely shy of leader and drag, they are almost indifferent to the angler when the hatch is on. The observation of a number of anglers who fish the creek is that drag is the overriding consideration. It calls for a short float and intensive casting.

A pale yellow dun, represented by the Light Cahill, is the fly most often seen on the creek, but they are all there, from olives to white. There is a very pale, almost white fly, called the "Meloche" after Gil Meloche, a great angler of the region. It is a fly to remember. And at times there is a range of dark duns, represented by the Quill Gordon and the Adams.

It is to the rise that one must usually fish. But there is no one best way to approach the trout. I have seen

Paul Stroud of Marshall Field stride down the center of the creek, careless of movement and splash, and cast his fly quickly to one bank and then the other, to the rise or to a likely place, and the trout tumble over themselves to get on his hook. And I have seen the methodical retired Minnesotan sportsman Phil Feldman, a habitué of the creek, work the water slowly, carefully and thoroughly, and bring the big ones to his fly.

The easiest way to reach the creek is from the main ranch road, 200 yards beyond the first cluster of ranch buildings. A dirt track to the left another hundred yards across a dry meadow brings your car up against a



THOUGH only a mile in length, Armstrong's Creek offers a variety of long runs and pools to challenge the angler



fence, where you leave it, or you may turn right a couple of hundred feet and leave it under the trees, in either case only a few steps from the creek at about its mid-point.

I am able to distinguish six major sections of the creek, three above and three below this point; in a pinch the creek could contain six rods, one to each of these sections. Upstream through a couple of meadows and beyond a labyrinth of corrals is a ranch bridge over the creek. Above the bridge, where the creek rises, is a pool which fishermen, at the request

continued



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Mr. Fairbank tries his first rum and tonic in the garden of a friend in Old San Juan. Photograph by Ellen Erwitt.



of the owner of the ranch, Paul Armstrong, leave to him. It is the only place on the ranch that is posted. Trout can be seen lying under the bridge but they are all but impossible to cast to. Below the bridge is a shallows, not good. The second good section follows. It is a long pool, or slow run, as you wish to call it. One rod is good there for a day. A short shallows drops the creek into another long pool, a little wider and a little deeper and more heavily hedged. This pool I break arbitrarily in my mind into two parts, one above and the other below the cattle-and-man-ford where the car was left standing. From there downstream an eighth of a mile is one unbroken beautifully running pool, which ends in a steep, narrow rapids. All the water from the bridge down to this rapids offers fly-fishing problems of the kind so exhaustively treated by the English writers—Halford, Skues, Hills and the like—from which I conclude that though the sky and mountains are Western, the water and its conditions are universal and its problems international.

VARIED WATERS

Below the rapids is a narrow fast run, the fifth section, where the wet fly is more often needed and larger and coarser flies have their place. An almost still branch of the creek enters here from the east. Below, the creek widens to where a fence lies across it. Below the fence, the sixth section of my count, the creek widens further and grows deeper; here is the last chance to cross over, just above the point at which a small branch of the Yellowstone joins the creek. From there on for 300 yards to the main river, the water is deep and slow. At the confluence of the creek and the swift, wild water of the river there is the turbulence of a great and violent event.

Where do the trout of Armstrong's Creek come from—are they native to the creek or migrant or mixed? It appears that they are mixed, for some appear to live there at all times, and Paul Armstrong for 60 years has seen big ones come up to spawn in the feeder brooks around its source. The creek, with its perfect year-round conditions, is clearly a breeding ground for the big river, and this fact causes its charm to be like that of unfished water "whose mysterious depths may contain anything." No matter how

often one has fished it, the creek retains this mystique. Is the dimple on the water a little one-, or two-, a three-, or a four-pounder, or better? Is he a Loch (brown), a rainbow, a native (cutthroat) or a rare brook or, in the lower regions, merely a whitefish? Will he disappear in the weeds or stay in the clear? One expects only surprises.

Last year I had a surprise. It was mid-July, the second-last day of a brief visit. I fished down the creek to the river and took to the down side at the confluence. From either side of the mouth of the creek the longest cast could not reach to the center, where the main bodies of water meet and rip and roll. Out there, out of reach, this day, disputing themselves was the largest congregation of big, rising trout that I have ever seen anywhere, a veritable convention of the giants of the Yellowstone, rising like salmon shaking ice, in high twisting leaps and landing back down like logs. Futilely from below I cast out toward them, and caught a dozen trout up to a pound and a half, not exactly Spence's idea of a fishless day but at this time only the measure of failure. Occasionally an island of the center water, by virtue of the freak currents, would sweep down in front of me carrying its cargo of great trout, one or two of which would rise within reach but none of which would take the fly, though I offered it dry and wet and in the form of the nymph and the streamer. The following day I returned with Dan Bailey and together we had the same experience, from which he concluded that they were not rising to flies, and both of us surmised that they were river trout performing some piscatory ceremony preparatory to going up the creek. So prevalent was this view that I could persuade no one around the fly shop in town to make the effort of trying to catch them after I left.

Very well, but what about the tradition, those who have walked these banks before me? I shall tell you as Paul Armstrong has told it to me.

Long ago, when the Sioux were driven west, they drove the Crow before them, until they came to the mountains. In the summertime the Sioux, around what is now Miles City, Montana, went farther up the Yellowstone, as far as what is now Livingston. There the retreating Crow took Route 89, as it is presently designated, to the south through a canyon,

continued

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into Paradise Valley. The valley lies just north of Yellowstone Park, whose geysers the Sioux regarded as evil spirits. Hence the Sioux would go no farther than Livingston, and the Crow, less afraid of the spirits than of the Sioux, found the valley a summer haven. Knowing good water when they saw it, they pitched their conical teepees not far from the spring creek and went fishing for the big blue suckers that lined the bottom as well as for the trout in the grassy pools. No doubt there were fishermen there before the Crow, but the Crow established the tradition of the creek as a great fishing water.

Two of the first white settlers in the valley, Fred Butler and his brother, found this out when they

came through in a wagon in the year 1869, camped at the head of the creek and concluded that this was what they had gone West for. As they set up camp, however, they observed the Crow gathering for a powwow on a nearby ridge, an unfriendly sign from the usually friendly tribe. The Butlers were soon given to understand that friendliness did not extend to poachers. That was the year the first cattle arrived in Montana, from Texas, 20 years before Montana became a State of the Union, two years after John M. Bozeman, who built a gold-rush road through the Gallatin, was killed by the Piegiens on Mission Creek east of where Livingston was founded, seven years before Custer's last stand against the Sioux to the southeast on Little Big Horn. The Butlers planned to

live near the Crow and so the Crow kept the creek and the Butlers went up the valley and settled below Emigrant Peak, where Fred's son Floyd now lives.

SOLDIERS AND SETTLERS

How then did Armstrong get the creek? The Crow left the valley and went to settle on a reservation elsewhere. In the late 1870s a Major Poase stationed at Fort Ellis (Bozeman) came over the mountain and squatted at the head of the creek. Not long afterward, a General Brabin bought out Poase and, what with homesteading and desert land claims, set up a 1,100-acre ranch. Many fish were caught in the creek and taken over the mountain to Fort Ellis in the Gallatin valley. In 1886, two sportsmen, James and Win H. H. (Doc) King of Jacksonville, Illinois, bought the ranch for a hunting and fishing lodge. James was a merchant, Doc was a surgeon. A rancher, O. T. Armstrong, who had come from Missouri in 1878, rented the ranch from the King brothers and worked it while the sportsmen brought hunting and fishing parties out from the East. In the 1890s Armstrong bought out the King brothers, and put their land together with his own 400 acres and so made the 1,500-acre ranch of today. O. T.'s son Paul, the present owner, was born on the ranch and grew up fishing the mile-long creek. Paul is a tall, weathered, gentle, statesmanlike rancher who changes to clean overalls in the evening. One could easily imagine him a worthy member of the U.S. Senate. His ranch house sits above the spring that gives rise to the creek, and each night he fails to sleep to its tumbling music. He likes to fish and he likes fishermen—a tradition of the ranch continued by his son-in-law and present operator of the ranch, Allyn O'Hair.

The fisherman responds in kind. Never is a gate left open or a piece of paper or a tin can left behind. The cattle are undisturbed. Most of the fish are caught on fly and released, though there is no objection to one's keeping a few. It is a good creek for the experienced angler who would walk the banks which the Crow, the soldiers of the outposts, the early settlers, sportsmen and ranchers have walked before him.

HOW TO GET THERE

WHAT TO BRING

Route to Armstrong's Creek. Armstrong's Creek, surrounded by private land, extremely difficult to fish and bound by the convention that its trout are usually to be played but not creeled, is recommended only to the most experienced and intrepid fly-fisherman. It has particular merit as a dry-fly creek and it takes high capability to get a fish out of it. However, it flows into the great Yellowstone River in the heart of a great trout-fishing country, not far from the Gallatin, the Madison, the Missouri and other incomparable fishing waters worth traveling a couple of thousand miles to reach.

The creek is about eight miles south of Livingston, Montana. Livingston is on Route 10, a regular stop on the Northern Pacific Railroad. It can be reached by air taxi from Billings. By car out of Livingston, take Route 89. At about 4½ miles is Carter's Bridge. Leave Route 89 and continue straight on a dirt road (in 1969 this road will be the main paved road). About three miles down this road is a sign "Armstrong's Ranch," and a ranch road left. Take this road to the first group of ranch buildings, stop and say hello to Mr. O'Hair, then turn right 200 yards and then off the road through a meadow a hundred yards to the fence. Leave car there. The creek is just beyond.

Tackle recommendations. A light, delicate, limber rod, fine leaders and

small flies are essential. A conventional eastern stream rod, 7½ or 8 feet long, weight 3½ or 4½ ounces respectively, is commonly used. Leaders: 4, 5, or 6x, 9 to 14 feet long. Fly sizes: Nos. 16 to 20; No. 16 is optimal. Flyer: Light Cahill, Adams, Quill Gordon, Meloché and indeed the whole spectrum of artificial May Flies and other flies and nymphs. Bailey's Fly Shop in town, one of the finest in the country, has what it takes, including information.

Licenses and laws. A nonresident season fishing license in Montana is \$10; a six-day license is \$3. The limit (not relevant for the creek, where few are taken) is 10 fish if they are rainbows and cutthroats; an additional five browns (Loche), or if they are all browns, 15. The limit is also specified by weight: 10 pounds plus one 4-oz. Next year (1969) the limit is expected to change to a unique computation by total number of inches of trout laid end to end, with no computation by numbers or weight. The fisherman next year may be allowed 84 inches of trout, which will be a drastic cut in the present limit.

The basic Montana season for trout this year is May 25 to November 30, and this goes for the creek. Certain rivers, however, are open all year round. Among them are the Yellowstone, the lower Gallatin and the Missouri. Strangely, there is good fly-fishing in these rivers in winter when the weather is good. This year, when it was so cold in the East, fly- and spin-fishermen were out on the Yellowstone every midday in air temperatures above 50°, and catching fish.

For Roderick Haig-Brown's report on the Quinault River, turn to page 63

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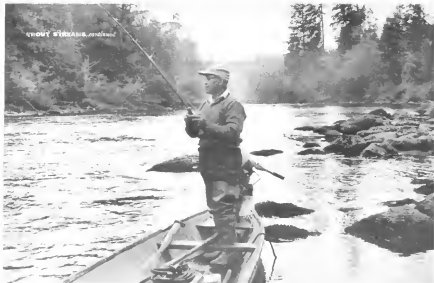
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IN ONE OF THE QUINAUT POOLS THAT ARE STILL RARELY TRIED WITH FLY ROD, GUIDE JONAH COLE BAIT-CASTS FOR CUTTHROAT

IN WASHINGTON:

The Quinault River

A river that rises in the high Olympics, accessible but unspoiled, yields a rich harvest of steelhead, cutthroat and salmon to the accomplished fly-fisherman

by RODERICK HAIG-BROWN

MY WIFE calls the Quinault "that dark river." But she thinks of it as it is in November, with rain and mist rolling in from the Pacific Ocean, the heavy woods dripping, the current of the lower reaches creased with leaden lights and splashed with rain. In the late fall my wife and I used to run upriver with Herbert Kapulman from Taholah to visit a gill net at the site inherited by his wife, in the difficult eddy under a dark claybank. As he pulled in lead line and cork line, shaking out leaves and drift, mending where necessary, picking out the big bright silver salmon and occasion-

al early-running steelhead, Herbert would talk freely and well to us about his river and its promise of some kind of fish nearly every month of the year. "You should come fish," Herbert would urge me. "We have a pretty good river here."

The Quinault River rises on the slopes of the high Olympics, flows westward through Lake Quinault and empties into the Pacific Ocean at the Indian village of Taholah, behind Cape Elizabeth. The upper river is made up of the North and East Forks, which join above the lake. The lower river flows 35 miles from Lake

Quinault to the ocean, through the Quinault Indian Reserve. U.S. Highway 101 crosses the river near the lake's outlet, and from there to Taholah no public road goes near the river. Puget Sound and the roadless Olympic Mountains stand directly between Seattle and the Quinault. The Quinault is accessible, yet remote, and so it is one of the least-known and least-spoiled streams in the United States.

The fisherman has two approaches to the lower Quinault: to work up from Taholah at the mouth or work from Lake Quinault downriver. Working from Taholah has one advantage: the ocean beaches are right at hand; for an interval away from fishing, the beaches are an exciting pleasure. There are times in early spring and fall when working out of Taholah in the lower and middle reaches of the river may be the better plan.

Generally speaking, however, working from Lake Quinault down is probably the better choice, because the first 12 or 14 miles downriver from the lake hold more broken and varied waters. The lower river is entirely bound by the Quinault Indian Reserve, and no one may fish it without

continued

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QUINNAULT RIVER continued

an Indian guide. Since there is no way to get to the good water without a canoe, this point is as much a necessity as a law. In any case, the guides, their canoes and the reserve itself are a good part of the pleasure of fishing the Quinault. The Quinault Indians have always been fine canoe-men. Like the Nootkas of the west coast of Vancouver Island, they were whale and sea-otter and fur-seal hunters who took their ocean canoes 20 or 30 miles offshore into the Pacific swells.

A LARGESS OF TROUT

The Quinault guides are very casually organized and are very independent characters. According to local resort owners, some are unreliable and likely to turn up late or not at all for an engagement, though I have had no experience that would confirm this. Judged by the highest standards, they are canoe-men rather than fishing guides; but they are fine canoe-men and have had a wonderful record of safety over many years.

What does a trout fisherman look for on the Quinault River? Primarily cutthroat trout, running up from the sea or dropping back from the lake, for there are few, if any, resident trout over the legal limit of 10 inches. After those, perhaps a summer steelhead. From August on, possibly jack salmon (small Chinooks or silvers) or black salmon (large Chinooks). And after the first fall rains bring the river up, silvers, early-running winter steelhead and harvest cutthroats. The trout season is open from May 19 to November 15, and the best month is July, when cutthroats are abundant and the river is

in good shape. I suspect that the fall fishing after the first rains may be just as good if not better, especially if the silver salmon are taking freely. But few people fish at that time.

When I set out to fish the Quinault toward the middle of September last year, I had an open mind. I was hoping for the usual fall variety of a Pacific Northwest migratory stream—some big cutthroats, a few jack salmon, perhaps a steelhead or two or an early silver; perhaps, beyond these, something quite new and strange. But I admit I wasn't too much concerned. I have loved rivers and canoes from childhood. I admire and enjoy the Northwest Indian people. I chose to try the more varied waters close to the lake. Accordingly, I looked up Jonah Cole, the 67-year-old dean of the guides who operate from Amanda Park on the lake. I found Jonah working on a new canoe, still shaping the outside with an ax, though it was almost ready for hand adz and plane.

"The river is very low," he said.

"Lowest I've ever seen it."

"Too low for fish?"

Jonah shrugged. "Very low."

"There'll be some," I said.

"There'll be some," Jonah agreed, and I began putting up my rods. Another canoe waited at the landing, an 18-hp Evinrude on the stern. It was very beautiful—Nootka pattern, flat-bottomed with straight flaring sides, vertical stern and high prow, over 27 feet long and about 42 inches wide, black and slender and graceful, yet strong and stable, perfectly adapted for river work.

I picked up Jonah's hand adz. It was D-handled, of the old pattern, with a steel blade in place of stone and reinforced at several places with



THE LOWER QUINNAULT, winding 55 miles from Lake Quinault to the Pacific, has only been lightly fished with fly rod. On

his exploratory trip in the more varied stretch of the river from Lake Quinault down to River Camp, writer Haig-Brown

friction tape. The head of a man with a sea-otter headdress was carved on it, which I thought unusual. The Quinaults were not great ornamental carvers.

"Belonged to my grandfather," Jonah said. "Must be a hundred years old. He was a Hoh River man. I am a Hoh River man, married a Quinault woman. Not many Quinaults left."

I asked him if he knew that his forebears on the Hoh River had wiped out a boat's crew from Quadra's little Spanish ship *Socorro* in 1775, and another a few years later from Captain Barkley's fur-trading *Jasperin Eagle*. Both boats had turned into the river for fresh water.

"Killed all the white men?" said Jonah. "Ho!" He was amused and by no means displeased.

"I guess they just didn't understand each other," I added. "But the Hoh River people were tough men. They had hair on their hearts."

"Hoh River men all over the country now," Jonah said proudly.

That evening Jonah and I went down the river three or four miles, to the head of Sherman's Pool. Young steelhead from six to 10 inches were everywhere, some of them silvering up for the journey to the sea. They rose freely to sunken or floating flies, though it was possible to avoid hooking most of them. One fine fat cut-throat of about 14 inches came to a Silver Brown, fished wet. Jonah, casting a big Double Tacoma with red yarn and a piece of fresh mussel on the hook behind it, caught two others of about the same size. Using an eight-foot steel rod and a Shakespeare bait-casting reel, Jonah soon showed me he was an artist. Short or long casts went out with beautiful

continued

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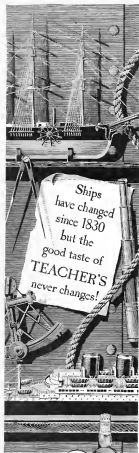
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QUINUAULT RIVER continued

accuracy, under limbs, tight up against logs or brush, into every likely place. All three fish we hooked came from deep water. I was pretty sure we were going to have to hunt and hunt hard for them.

Ranning up the river in the fading light, I didn't really care. The long canoe performed beautifully with the motor, riding through the long still reaches with scarcely a disturbing ripple at 25 miles an hour. In the rapids Jonah was a master, slowing the motor, using it exactly as a pole to ease the canoe against the current and straighten it into position, then opening up the throttle for the big push over the lip, easing off again to keep the propeller from hitting on the shallow of the break.

Through the next three days Jonah and I conspired together against the fish and worked together against them as best we knew how. We ran down nine or 10 miles to Eagle's Lake Pool, then 12 or 14 miles to Burnt Hill Pool and below.

We caught some fish, perfectly conditioned cutthroats, apparently fresh from the sea, from 12 to 16 inches, always in the glides and deeper places, never in the riffles and runs where they should have been. At Sea Lion City a big cutthroat came to my Silver Brown over quite shallow water and threw the fly almost at once. In Eagle's Lake, below the standing rock, a bright steelhead rolled to the same fly but would not come again. Burnt Hill Pool was full of jack salmon, though I had to descend to a thumbnail spinner ahead of an orange fly to get one. Jonah hooked two and broke in both, then suddenly pointed downstream.

One of the fish Jonah had hooked, rusty-red and 10 or 12 pounds, kept rolling in midstream, but wouldn't touch my fly, even with the spinner. I looked up at the timbered slope of Burnt Hill across the river and thought of it as it used to be, burned clean and growing nothing but ferns. I thought of the young Quinault boys who used to come here at the end of their novitiate to keep vigil for the guardian spirit who would determine their lifework—the spirit who would give power to become a great hunter, medicine man, fisherman, a great whaler or hunter of seals.

The Quinault is a good-sized river, by which I mean that a good fly-

fisherman, at normal water, would be attempting to cover only about half the stream. Immediately below the highway bridge it is fairly well broken up by rapids and boulders, but from there on, as Jonah says, "it begins to flat out." There are innumerable runs and riffles and minor rapids, some of them quite swift and difficult, but there are also long quiet reaches with very little current and sometimes quite deep water, and the rapids and runs are gravel-bar breaks rather than rock and boulder breaks. There is little solid rock anywhere along the river.

A VARIETY OF WATER

This all adds up to a wonderfully pleasant and easy river to fish, with an almost infinite variety of water. There are few casting problems so clear as one holds a high back cast to clear the gravel bars. Wading is safe and comfortable at most places, though felt soles and wading staff are desirable. Distance is nowhere a real problem; 70 feet will reach almost anything from any given stand and the canoe solves the difficulty of crossing to the other side of a straight run or reaching a glide under the far bank of a quiet stretch.

I put up two rods the first day and used them with complete satisfaction throughout the trip. The first is 8 feet 9 inches, heat-treated cane, weighing five ounces, and I used it entirely for wet-fly, throwing an HCF Dacron line with modified forward taper—about 45 feet from point to running line. The second is an 8-foot rod, weighing four ounces, also of heat-treated cane, and I used it entirely for dry-fly, with a well-greased IEH Dacron line of the same modified taper or an HCH nylon floater, which I don't care for. I had plenty of backing on all reels, as I always do in Pacific Coast migratory streams. The cutthroats may not call for it, though a fresh-run 18- to 20-inch fish probably will, but the possibility of steelhead, silvers and even Chinooks is much too real to be disregarded.

Because the weather was so bright, I mounted 9-foot, 2x (.009") leaders on both rods and fished that most of the time, changing to 6x (.011") with larger wet flies. I carried a wading staff in the canoe, but did not bother to use it—though it would have been handy in the Boulders and useful at the Burnt Hill log jam. In higher water I think I should have been glad

of it at several places. A net is pretty well essential, but only when fishing from the canoe or in the Boulders. At most other places where one wades there are good gravel bars for beaching fish.

Here it is necessary to admit that the Quinault is a river without any real fly-fishing tradition. Try as I would, I could find no local fly-fisherman who works the river regularly. Jonah mentioned several of his customers who use fly exclusively or most of the time, but admitted that the majority are spinners or bait

casters and a good many are not fishermen at all.

Because of this, there seems to be no such thing as a local Quinault fly pattern, and the local stores carry only a few standard flies. Jonah, instead of producing some local mystery from deep in his tackle box, simply asks: "Have you tried Royal Coachman? Parmachenee Belle? Silver Doctor?" Plainly the eastern tradition, unmodified by Coast conditions, except for one concession: "You tried bucktail?"

continued

HOW TO GET THERE WHERE TO STAY WHAT TO BRING

Route to Quinault. One can reach the river by a variety of routes, from north or south. The route from Tacoma to Olympia and around the head of Puget Sound avoids ferries, but you can get there equally well by ferry from Seattle to Bremerton, then driving south along Hood Canal to Shelton and Aberdeen and north on Highway 161 to Lake Quinault. To reach the river by a northern route, take the ferry from Seattle to Winslow, or from Edmonds to Kingston, or from LaFall to South Pelay, then drive to Port Angeles and take Highway 161 to Amanda Park. The traveler coming to the nearest convenient points, Seattle and Tacoma, by rail or air can rent a car for about \$8 a day and 9¢ a mile.

Food and lodging. Around Lake Quinault are four good motels: Lucky O'Neil's Amanda Park Resort at the foot of the lake, Harry Bergman's Lake Quinault Resort on the south shore, Mrs. Hubbel's Lake Quinault Motel and O'Connor's Lochaine on the north shore, all of which are open the year round, as well as Lake Quinault Lodge on the south shore which is open from May 16 to September 15. Of these, O'Neil's is the most convenient. There are National Park campsites on the lake at Willaby Creek and Falls Creek on the south shore and July Creek on the north shore. To fish the Taholah area, the handiest place to stay is Ocean Crest Resort, a comfortable motel at Moclips, 16 miles by road from the Indian village; there are several other motels, three cafés and food and tackle

stores at Pacific Beach, two miles further south.

Tackle recommendations. The rods, line and flies which I have mentioned on these pages should cover the fly-fishing opportunities. The man who also cares to try spinning will do well with 8½- to 10-pound test line and small lures.

Special equipment. Warm clothing is essential—a heavy sweater and perhaps a coat or Mackinaw, also rain clothes, both pants and coat, unless one is wearing waders.

Guides. The best-known men operating from Taholah are Herbert Kaplanman and his brother Horton, Frank Picknell, Ted Strom and Francis Rosenda. Jonah Cok, now 67 years old, is the dean of the guides who operate from Amanda Park at the foot of the lake. George Francis Buck and Eddie Hobbsack are two others who work down from the lake. Prices are standard: \$20 a day for one person, \$25 for two, \$30 for three, with no extras except lunch for the guide and a suitable thirst-quencher on a long hot day. From June 1 till after Labor Day it may be necessary to reserve guides and lodging in advance.

Licenses and laws. A Washington resident license costs \$4. A seven-day Washington State nonresident license costs \$3, one-year license \$10, obtainable at tackle stores in all cities en route or from game protectors. The Quinault trout season is May 18 to November 15. Winter steelhead are open from the first weekend in December to March 15. There is a 10-inch size limit to protect young steelhead. The daily bag limit is "not to exceed 7½ pounds plus one fish, provided the numbers taken do not exceed 15 fish, provided the above bag limit shall not exceed two steelhead over 20 inches in length."

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QUINNAULT RIVER steelhead

Another Quinault fisherman, Harry Bergman, has told me of success with a Carey Special, and this surprises me because it is primarily a lake fly, and I have not done well with it in rivers. But it is probably significant, because the Quinault is full of crayfish, which the trout use, and the fly looks a good deal like a small one. My own most successful fly was the Silver Brown, which I first made many years ago especially for fall cutthroats and steelhead. The river has plenty of sedges and May flies and probably stone flies in season; the sedges I saw varied from a small black to a large cinnamon. There are also plenty of salmon and steelhead fry and fingerlings and a fair number of bullheads.

This suggests that most of the standard Coast patterns, wet or dry, should do well enough. Such well-known flies as Skykomish Sunrise, Mickey Finn, Brad's Brat and Lady Godiva are good general patterns. When fry are around—which is most of the time—Silver Brown, Silver Lady and Silver Doctor are good standbys. Steelhead flies such as Harger's Orange, Queen Bess and Golden Girl often take cutthroat and jack salmon well. Add Dark and Light Caddis patterns, Western Bee, Spruce Fly and Squealtail—this last, with Carey Special, as a crayfish imitation—and the selection of wet flies should be adequate for any conditions. Hook sizes four to 10 or 12.

For both steelhead and cutthroat I prefer dry flies of the Wulff type in rather large sizes—usually eight or 10, sometimes as large as six—but with darker dressings than for eastern use. McKenzie River patterns such as Beetle Bag, Light Caddis, Orange Caddis and McKenzie Special are also good, and the bushy Columbia River Caddis patterns sometimes stir up an unwilling fish from deep water. Don't hesitate to drag or skip a dry fly, under control, on Coast streams.

The lack of a fly tradition on the Quinault is a little disappointing, but I think it has two main causes—the inaccessibility of the river except with a guide, and the extensive stretches of quiet water which make ideal lying places for trout and steelhead through the middle of the day and are far more easily searched with bait or lure than with fly. But there is abundance of magnificent fly water

and there is not the slightest doubt that the stream often does produce really well for fly-fishermen.

Starting at the highway bridge, there is a reach of deep, streamy water among big rocks that holds fish well at times. Below that the Boulders make a series of wonderful resting and feeding pockets, every one of which may hold a good fish. Where the rapid levels off there are fine fast runs on both sides. The head of Sherman's Pool is nice water, leveling into China Flat, which is long and quiet, with two nice riffles at the lower end.

MASTODON TUSKS AND STEELHEAD

Beyond these are the Blue Banks, high steep bluffs of blue clay and gravel, where Jonah once found two mastodon tusks after a slide had come down. There is deep water here, and the river circles almost completely back on itself. Lower Clay Banks is a fine pool just above the logging railroad bridge, and Shorty's Riffle, another good one, is just below it. Jonah tells of taking 10 winter steelhead in one day from this pool.

From there the river flats again to Prairie Creek (a nice run at the mouth) and on to Sea Lion City, which heads in a fine swift run under the left bank and spreads to a fascinating complex of gravel bars. Below that is Fred's Lake Pool (very deep and excellent holding water), then Engle's Lake Pool, one of the prettiest reaches of fly water I have ever seen. It starts in a fan of swift runs over a gravel bar, each with a clear, sharp drop-off; the water collects from these to make a hard run on two sunken rocks and sweeps on to break against a high standing rock below them; below the big rock is a smooth, strong glide of deep water, gradually easing over until it collects in an easy run under the far bank; there are rocks and more good fly water below the tail of the pool, at least 600 yards in all. It is a fly-fisherman's dream of a pool that offers every classic situation of search except overhanging trees and brush. It fishes easily and, fish or no fish, makes one feel like a master because the fly is always doing what it should.

Another stretch of quiet water, and then you come to an excellent run and pool on the bend at Nolsy Creek. More perfect water at Tsolaf Tsolaf, one of the places where the river narrows to a few yards, and the

splendid holding water at Burnt Hill jam, then the fine pool below Burnt Hill itself. From Burnt Hill there are another 10 miles or more of varied water before you come to the lower reaches above Taholah. It would take a lifetime to know it all and several years to try out all the good fly water.

I shall go back to the Quinault—not once, but many times, I hope. I am curious about the river and its fish. It seems quite clear that July is the best month, which is unusual in a Coast stream. Apparently there is a good run of fish in from the sea at that time and probably fair numbers of fish drop back from the lake as well. It must be a feeding movement, and presumably reflects some special activity of crayfish, salmon fry or insects, perhaps of all three. Jonah says the fishing holds on into August, then slowly drops off. In most streams the Coast cutthroat run begins to show in late July and early August, and builds from there.

THE RUN OF CUTTHROAT

The sea-run cutthroats, in any river I know, spawn sometime between November and March, with a peak usually in January or February. Milt and ovaries of the Quinault fish I caught suggested no variation from this pattern. If they leave the river in July, they must run back in again before Christmas to spawn. My guess is that they come up on the first real rise of the river, in late September or early October. By that time a few bright silver salmon should be working up into the stream with them. So I would happily gamble on a few days early in October.

But it is a splendid and challenging river at any time, and a wonderful place to be. In four days up and down the river, Jonah and I saw no other living man. We saw mink swimming and diving like muskrats, a family of three coons playing on a sandy beach until the old lady came and growled at us and chased them away, a beaver swimming quietly in the eddy of Sherman's Pool at dusk. Mergansers and kingfishers, grebes and goldeneyes, ospreys and flickers were along the river. Great, moss-hung spruce and poplar and hemlock trees stood along the banks; vine maple and crabapple were turning scarlet in the swamps and at the bends in the old river channels. The world was ours, to watch and explore, with the conviction that few men pass that way to disturb it.

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A grand slam for a new star

ON the first day of spring a clammy blizzard of wet snow knocked out all power and light in Atlantic City, N.J., where the Vanderbilt Team bridge championship (the Spring Nationals) was scheduled to begin. But it did not stop the bridge players.

At 7 p.m. frantic engineers restored emergency power service to the Hotel Traymore, and the first round of play got under way. By midnight the starting field of 48 teams was trimmed down to 32 and the second-round matches were begun. By 3 a.m. half of the second-round matches had been played and the weary gladiators staggered off to get caught up with their sleep, reassembling at 11 a.m. to get the tournament caught up on its schedule. By 8 p.m. Friday the third round was in progress as planned, and then the only thing that stopped the teams was a knockout defeat.

Lee Hazen of the winning team missed the last three sessions because of business. So the brunt fell upon Harry Flahbein, Sam Pry Jr. and Len Harmon of New York and Ivar Stakgold of Washington; the latter pair carried off top laurels when they also won the second most important title, the Open Pair championship. The Men's Pair was won by Sidney Silodor and Norman Kay.

Earlier in this 1958 Spring National Championship meeting of the American Contract Bridge League a new star was born. Mrs. M. J. Novak, a Shreveport, La. bridge buff who had never before played in a national tournament, came to Atlantic City in quest of partners and experience. Just before the Women's Pair event she was introduced to Mrs. G. R. Nail, wife of the Houston Life Master, and they formed a last-minute pickup entry. Result: they won.

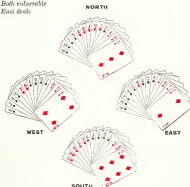
Next day another Houstonian, John Gerber, creator of the ace-showing convention, made a last-minute decision to enter the Mixed Pair championship if he could find a partner. Mrs. Novak was available. At the half-way mark John asked me when I planned to write up his partner. My answer was: "When she pitches another no-bitter." Then Gerber and Mrs. Novak won!

Result: I am now writing up Mrs. M. J. Novak, the Shreveport, La. housewife who, playing with partners she had never met before, won the first two national championships she ever entered.

The difficulty of winning a national tournament with an unfamiliar partner is emphasized by the oddity that,

since Mrs. Novak had never played the Gerber convention, the inventor of the four-club ace-showing call agreed to play the Blackwood four no trump. This is the bridge equivalent of Henry Ford agreeing to drive a Chevrolet, but it worked out very well in getting the Mixed Pair winners to a grand slam on this deal:

Both vulnerable
East deals



| EAST (Mrs. Nail) | SOUTH (Mrs. Novak) | WEST (Nail) | NORTH (Gerber) |
|---------------------|-----------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| PASS | 1♥ | 1♠ | 3♥ |
| 3♠ | 4♥ | PASS | 4 NO TRUMP |
| PASS | 6♥ | PASS | 1♥ |
| PASS | PASS | PASS | |

A peculiarity about this situation was that Mrs. Novak found herself up against Mr. and Mrs. Nail—the latter her recent partner in triumph.

Under the Gerber convention, a four-club bid by South would have been a call for aces—but this was

continued



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WINNERS: Ivar Stakegold, left, and
Len Harmon, next to him, who also

GRAND SLAM continued

a bid Mrs. Novak was not strong enough to make in any case. North, however, was strong enough to inquire and the Blackwood four-no-trump bid enabled him to do so. South's leap directly to six hearts announced two aces and a void. It was no problem for Gerber to deduce that the void must be in spades and, knowing that his partner held the minor suit aces and at least five hearts, he bid the grand slam. Trumping three clubs in dummy established South's fifth club as a winner and made the 13 tricks a laydown.

In the climax event, the team championship, power house lineups pursued two of bridgedom's most coveted prizes simultaneously: the majestic Vanderbilt Cup and the right to represent the U.S. in next year's World Championship. The choice will lie between the victors in this Vanderbilt and the winners of the Masters Team event in the National Championships to be played at Miami this summer.

The Vanderbilt play introduced an innovation in team championship competition. Hitherto, one defeat was enough to eliminate a team; this year, no team was eliminated until it had lost twice. But the winners sailed through eight matches without a defeat and went into the final match against the Kaplan team with a breeze they never needed.

The best the Kaplan team could hope for was a win that would force a playoff. Instead, they were defeated



took Open Pair title: Harry Fishbein, in lucky tartan beret, and Sam Fry Jr.

for the second time. But it was close right down to the wire, the winning team picking up six of its 15 International Match Point margin by fine play by Sam Fry Jr. on the very last hand. These were the cards:

Note vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH

♠ 9 8
♥ A 5 7 3 2
♦ A K
♣ 9 8 3 2

WEST

♠ A 4 3
♥ 6
♦ Q J 10 8 7 4
♣ 7 4

EAST

♠ Q J 10
♥ Q 10 9 5 4
♦ 9 2
♣ Q 10 5

SOUTH

♠ K 7 6 5 2
♥ K J
♦ 5 3
♣ A K J 6

| NORTH (Fishbein) | EAST (Rushford) | SOUTH (Fry) | WEST (Kaplan) |
|---------------------|--------------------|----------------|------------------|
| 1♥ | PASS | 1♣ | 3♦ |
| PASS | PASS | 4♣ | PASS |
| 4♣ | PASS | PASS | PASS |

In the other room the first two rounds of bidding were the same, but North then elected to raise the clubs to five. A singleton heart lead made declarer face a cross-ruff. He tried to drop the queen of clubs; then played for East to hold the ace of spades. When neither of these hopes came through, he went down two for a loss of 100 points.

Fishbein elected to bid four spades,
continued

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GRAND SLAM continued

keeping up a week-long record of being right even when, according to customary bidding methods, he was "wrong." But it took good play by Fry to justify the bid.

The heart opening was won by South, who immediately led a low trump out of his hand. East false-carded by winning the trick with the queen, returning a heart which West ruffed. Dummy won the diamond return and East continued the obfuscation by playing the jack on the spade lead from dummy. But Fry ducked, the ace fell and with the aid of a successful club finesse declarer won the rest of the tricks, adding another 420 points' profit to the winners' swing.

Earlier in the match Fishbein's magic touch was put to the test on defense against a vulnerable game:

Both vulnerable
South dealer

| NORTH | | | |
|----------|--------------|-----------|-------|
| ♠ | 10 8 4 | | |
| ♥ | 8 4 2 | | |
| ♦ | J 10 8 7 2 | | |
| ♣ | Q 3 | | |
| WEST | | | |
| ♠ | A 7 6 3 | | |
| ♥ | none | | |
| ♦ | 9 5 3 | | |
| ♣ | A K 9 7 6 4 | | |
| EAST | | | |
| ♠ | K 8 2 | | |
| ♥ | J 6 5 3 | | |
| ♦ | 4 4 | | |
| ♣ | J 10 5 2 | | |
| SOUTH | | | |
| ♠ | Q J 9 | | |
| ♥ | A K Q 10 9 7 | | |
| ♦ | A K Q | | |
| ♣ | 5 | | |
| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
| (Koplos) | (Fishbein) | (Hunkler) | (Fry) |
| 2 ♠ | 3 ♠ | PASS | PASS |
| 2 ♥ | PASS | 4 ♥ | PASS |
| PASS | PASS | | |

Fishbein opened the king of clubs and continued with the ace, which declarer ruffed. When West showed out on the lead of the ace of hearts, declarer led the queen of spades, taken by East's king. South won the diamond return and led the jack of spades, and West had reached the moment of fatal decision. If he won this trick, declarer would gain entry to dummy with the 10 of spades for the needful finesse against East's jack of trumps. But the stars had decreed that this was Fishbein's week. He let South's jack win and declarer had no way to evade the loss of a trump trick as well as the two top spades and the trick in clubs.

END



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Photograph by John Bryson

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Lie on board, knees bent and toes under chair back, holding book behind neck. Then roll to left shoulder.



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On and Off the Fairways

A look at Dow Finsterwald's money-winning streak and how it ended

When Dow Finsterwald's streak of consecutive tournaments in which he finished in the money ended at Baton Rouge after reaching 72, it was attended by a lack of explanation quite surprising in this day of infatuation for newer and fresher records. Still secure, of course, was Byron Nelson's record of 113 money finishes in a row, but Dow's mark topped the best tournament runs of Snead (82) and Hogan (56) in their prime. Today, moreover, the professional circuit is crammed with so many golfers of high quality it sometimes happens that less than 10 strokes will separate a tournament winner from the lack-luster fellow who doesn't earn a dime.

Finsterwald's superb streak started in September 1955 in the Carlings Open, where his total of 288 netted him 11th place and earned \$900. In the 1956 season he thrice came within

a stroke of finishing out of the money, and twice again in '57. This year Dow kept the string intact through his first six events, but at Baton Rouge he was in trouble from the beginning, barely qualifying for the final 36 holes. However, he played a good third round (70) and after 11 holes on the last day's 18 he had moved into a position where once again he had a very good chance to finish in the money. Then it began to happen. Dow bogied the 12th and 14th when he failed to drop four-foot putts, and going to the 15th tee he figured (correctly, it turned out) that two birdies would be needed to keep the streak alive.

On the 15th, a 521-yard par 5, Dow's second shot found a sand trap some 40 yards short of the green. The alternatives were either to play cautiously away from another trap before the green or to hit the shot boldly over that trap and onto the greens, taking the chance that the ball might bound over and down the embankment at the rear. "I felt that if I played it short and then it took me



DOW MADE IT 87 IN ROW AT L.A. OPEN

3 to get down I'd be finished," Dow later explained. "So I went for the green, but I hit the ball too hard; it landed at the back and rolled down the embankment."

Forty feet away from (and below) the green, he tried putting the ball up, but it stopped two feet short. As he soled his putter before playing the next shot, he saw the ball move and called a penalty stroke on himself despite the fact that his caddy firmly maintained that the ball had merely "oscillated." After this Dow 3-putted for a triple-bogey 8. Pars on 16 and 17 were followed by an eagle 3 on the 18th, but that 8 was fatal and he missed the money by 3 strokes.

Venturi's practice habits: one reason for his success

When he is at home in Daly City, Calif., away from the tour, Ken Venturi, this year's leading money winner, follows a practice schedule that would test the stamina of an Australian swimmer or Czech distance runner. He starts the day with two hours of practice; then he'll play 18 holes or practice until dark. On the circuit, where tournament rounds are

his main concern, Ken will practice only an hour or so a day, but it is practice of an inordinately purposeful type. Here, at home, each shot is hit with care and planning.

For example, he may find a place on some isolated part of the course where he can practice hitting approach shots over fairly high trees. Then, after mastering this particular shot, he may switch to another spot where he must drop the ball just over a trap in order to hold a very narrow green. And so on, low shots, inten-

tional fades, the whole gamut. Various lies also command a great deal of Ken's attention: sidehill lies, downhill lies, lies in heavy rough and lies in which the ball sits up very high in tuft grass.

Given this intensive routine, it is not surprising that Venturi has developed a superb sense of just how the clubhead must contact the ball in a variety of circumstances, and in competition he is seldom confronted with a shot that he has not hit 100 times before.

Earning leaders, and their average 18-hole scores

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LATELY it has been getting so that it's a rare week in the golfing schedule that we don't find at least one pro-amateur tournament in progress somewhere along the path of the touring professionals, and last week was no exception. The Venturis and Caspers and Finsterwalds and their itinerant fairway friends had three days off between their previous engagement at Fort Lauderdale and their next stop for the Azalea Open at Wilmington, North Carolina, some 700 miles to the north, so on Tuesday and Wednesday they paused at Palm Beach, where \$10,000 in walking-around money was waiting.

This was no ordinary pro-am, however; it was the Seminole. Or to be more specific, it was "The Latham R. Reed Amateur-Professional Tournament" at the Seminole Golf Club, one of the flossiest establishments anywhere dedicated to the greater glory of the game. Not only is the Seminole, which was started back in 1937 by the late Latham Reed and Chris Dunphy, one of the granddaddies of the current pro-am craze, along with the Crosby in California (SI, Jan. 13), it rates as a stopover that few of the top pros care to miss despite their natural aversion to spending a couple of days on the links with amateur partners who look a lot more at ease behind the desks in their executive suites. The touring pro would be something less than human if he didn't savor a few hours of palship with people like Henry Ford II or the Duke of Windsor or some of Seminole's dozens of well-entrenched capitalists who make just as much news on the business pages as the pros make on the sports sheets. The Seminole, in short, is the Cadillac El Dorado (or Lincoln Continental, if

continued

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SEMINOLE *continued*

you will) of pro-am golf. In the words of the song, it has class with a capital K. Where else would you find a tournament where some of the contestants arrive and depart by helicopter so they won't have to back the traffic for the 12-mile 30-minute drive from home to course?

Although the pro-am formula has minor variations depending on local exigencies, the Seminole arrangement is fairly typical. Each of the 42 pros is assigned two amateur partners, and he plays in a threesome with his two amateurs throughout both 18-hole rounds. In the interest of letting the pros control their own destiny as much as possible, \$7,000 of the prize money is split up among them on the basis of their own scores, the other \$3,000—beginning with a first prize of \$800—goes to the five lowest best-ball scores. The amateurs, of course, get the benefit of their club handicaps, which in the case of the Seminole are revised upward considerably in deference to one of the longest, sandiest, wateriest and windiest links to be found anywhere on this continent.

HOGAN TUNES UP

Last week's event—true to the rather consistent Seminole tradition—brought home some amateur winners and runners-up whose names are certainly not strangers to the public print. Leading on the first day with a best-ball of 61, over a soggy and by no means friendly layout which played every inch of its 6,850 yards, was the team of Tom Nieporte and John R. McLean. That's Jock McLean, son of the famous lady who owned the Hope Diamond and the man who once owned the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and *Washington Post*, and himself quite an oil operator out Texas way. What with his generous 13-stroke handicap, McLean was able to help his partner with nine big strokes. Tom Nieporte—well, he's one of the younger pros, who racked up a creditable 70, third behind big George Bayer's 68 and Ben Hogan's 69. (Ben, incidentally, was tuning up meaningfully for the Masters, which was only eight days away.)

On Wednesday the earliest challenge came from Bayer and his partner Winston Guest, one of America's alltime great polo players and now head of an international airline operating out of Mexico. It was somewhat

later in the muddy, blowy afternoon that Walter Shirley, a big-time real estate operator out of New York whose 12-stroke handicap belied a fierce middle-aged determination around the greens, showed up with 127. He had given his pro, Roberto de Vicenzo of Argentina, an extraordinary 17 strokes on their best-ball through the two days. Moments later Pro Ted Kroll heled out at the 36th with his partner Chase Morsey Jr. from Detroit. Kroll, with a score of 148 on his own ball, had not been on his game, but he didn't need to be; the tall and handsome Morsey contributed 22 strokes to the cause for a best-ball of 126 and no one seemed about to beat it although half the field was still out.

UNINHIBITED ROAR

But a cliff hanger was in the making. Way at the back of the pack in the next-to-last threesome was Julius Boros playing with James J. Seer, the man who staged the fine 1957 Open at Toledo, and Spencer T. Olin, better known for Olin Mathieson than for athletics now that he is in his late 50s. Coming to the 18th, a 420-yard par 4 where Olin received a handicap stroke, Boros and Olin needed an eagle 2 on their best-ball for a tie with Morsey and Kroll. Olin, a tall, gray-haired gentleman with a not inconspicuous executive girth, boomed out a tremendous drive right along-side Boros'. With the chips down and knowing it, he pulled a three-iron from his bag and slugged the ball through a nasty crosswind to within four feet of the pin some 200 yards away. Then, as if it were just a Sunday afternoon game with the boys back home in East Alton, Illinois, Olin calmly stepped up and dropped his putt to set off a very un-Palm Beach-like roar from the crowd.

The winning pro was a gray-haired, 43-year-old fellow named Pete Cooper, who runs a golf school in Lakeland, Florida. He had blazed home with a hot 68 to add to his 71 of the previous day for his third Seminole victory of the last four years. "I like this course," Cooper explained, "but you've got to be patient with it. It's awfully long and if you get mad at it, it'll kill you." Hogan had found that out the hard way. Needing only even par on his last three holes to win, he slugged a bit too hard, found some unfamiliar trouble and bogged two of those three holes to end in a second-place tie with Bayer at 140.

—ALFRED WRIGHT



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Tip from the Top

DICK MAYER, Irvine Coast GC, Corona Del Mar, Calif.

Putting from 12 feet in

AWORD or two, first, about stance and position. I try to maintain the shoulders, hips and feet square to the intended line. The left elbow rides on the left hip, the right elbow on the right hip, maintaining a square position. As for the grip, the customary grip today is the reverse overlap—the left forefinger over the right middle finger and little finger.

In my approach to putting, the fingers of the right hand are the source of power, the left hand is the guide. The wrist of the left hand acts as the hinge of the putting stroke. At address, the back of the left hand is right on the objective, and if the hinge functions properly, the back of the left hand stays right on the objective throughout the stroke.

A long putt requires a long stroke and the gift of touch, for the shoulders and arms have to be fairly active. In putting from 12 feet in, however, only the hands work. That's all that's needed and that's fine: the more restricted the action, the less margin for error. On a short putt we're looking for a mechanical base, and restricting the action to the hands alone promotes this.



the back stroke



at impact

A. Russell



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HANDICAP, MY EYE!

continued from page 32

inches or thereabouts. (The official records are sometimes exaggerated.) It is not a looping uppercut of the usual sort, but a straight right delivered upward in tight quarters. It landed on the chin, and Robinson's head snapped back. Basilio returned to the body attack, then back to the head. Robinson retired to jab and study. He decided to shoot at the blind side. He landed a right to the



SUGAR RAY'S WIFE, Edna Mae, cheers on her "Sweet Daddy" in mink-lined Yves Saint Laurent creation, flown from Paris.

head, missed a right uppercut, crashed a hard straight right to the head. Basilio discovered again that he could not see right hands. He backed away. Robinson followed, jabbing tentatively, seeking his chance. He paused, and seemed thereby to sucker Carmen into another charge. He caught Carmen coming in. With one of his old familiar combinations, Sugar Ray crashed lefts and rights to blind and sighted sides with beauty and precision. Robinson retreated again and lost the round, though by very little.

That was pretty much the whole story of the fight, except that it had its many high moments in round after round. Robinson fired no less than seven straight perfect jabs to start the seventh, tested Basilio's ability inside and found that, as much by feel as by sight, Carmen still could punish the liver and spleen. It was a painful lesson, and Robinson backed off from it. He missed with three lefts but he landed with four blind-side rights to the head. It was another round for Robinson. It put him ahead for the first time in the fight. (This is personal scoring. The referee and judges were so at vari-

ance that the official round-by-round picture is an inextricable muddle.)

Basilio won the eighth round. He started it by landing lefts, straight rights and right uppercuts to Robinson's head, shifted to the body and dominated the entire three minutes except for a big Robinson right that crashed against his jaw. This was one of Sugar's four or five tries at a knock-out during the fight, and, though a couple of them staggered the little fellow (153 pounds against 159½), it was clear that Basilio can take whatever may be left of Robinson's best. In this eighth round Robinson first showed signs of age and weariness. His right hand missed time after time. He eluded more often, leaned on Basilio, began to use his weight in a way that he had hitherto disdained.

From there on he began, as expected, to save himself in the early portions of the rounds, to concentrate his fury and finesse on the closing minute, which is the minute official and unofficial scorers are most likely to remember. You could give him a little credit for that, too. It is, in its way, ring generalship.

But most of all he fought as a champion—not steadily, but in marvelous spurts of sweet symmetry in motion. Basilio is a slugger with the heart of a marine but he does not make you think of figures on Greek vases, Robinson does.

Robinson won the fight. Referee Frank Sikora has been meanly assailed for voting 69-66 for Basilio (on the five-point system) but he was not much further from the truth than Judge John Bray (71-64 for Robinson) or Judge Spike McAdams (72-64 for Robinson) who erred, it seemed in the second press row, on the other side of the line. The vote here was 68-67 for Sugar. It was a tight fight.

This fight meant far more than who won and what you think about the scoring. The millions who saw it in the stadium and on closed circuit TV were privileged to pay for a vision of gallantry not commonly seen in our time. It restored to boxing some old values. Men like Robinson and Basilio do not fight just for a purse. Not when they must go from the ring to a bed of exhaustion and pain, like Robinson, or a hospital, like Basilio. There is honor and bravery in it.

Boxing is a dirty business in some of its aspects but it is a lovely sport, for spectators, anyhow. Where else can you pay for a heart-lifting view of two valiant men like these? **END**

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THE WILLOW AND THE CHERRY TREE

One bends, the other breaks—and that, as the author learned for herself, is the essence of the gentle art of judo. And it works, even if you're only 5 feet tall.

by JEAN PARADISE



Illustration by George Price

I HAVE NEVER desired to be a lady pugilist, an amateur wrestler or a professional strong woman, but like most girls I've often felt strongly that I should learn how to defend myself if trapped on a dark street. After brooding about this off and on, I was finally spurred into action by a newspaper headline (TINY WOMAN DISARMS BANDIT BY JUDO TECHNIQUE); and some days later I presented myself, with various misgivings and forebodings, at Kroeger's Jujitsu and Health Academy in midtown New York.

The academy looked harmless enough. It was up one flight of stairs in a renovated studio building, and the antechamber, with its reading lamps and stacks of old magazines, was reminiscent of a dentist's waiting room. A printed notice tacked on the door announced that athletic equipment and judo robes were available at "original retail prices." Elsewhere the walls were cluttered with photographs, mostly of Broadway and Hollywood stars who had inscribed warm tributes to Mr. Kroeger, jujitsu expert and professor of self-defense. From inside came the staccato sound of a punching bag being thumped and other less identifiable whacks and grunts which

were presumably of human origin.

In a moment Mr. Kroeger appeared in person—big as a mountain and dressed in a short white kimono, dark sash, and knee-length cotton pants. I looked at him in dismay; I had visualized the proprietor of a jujitsu academy as small, lithe and vaguely Oriental.

"I was thinking of taking jujitsu lessons," I said. "But perhaps it isn't a good idea. I'm only 5 feet tall and weigh 97 pounds... with shoes."

"So! We have a ladies' class, too," Mr. Kroeger said sternly. He pulled out a chair and gestured commandingly toward it. As I sank down he handed me a printed sheet giving class fees and rental rates for lockers and cubicles; at the bottom was a notice absolving the jujitsu and health academy of all liability in case I sprained an ankle, fractured a leg or broke my neck.

"Jujitsu," Mr. Kroeger said, "means in Japanese 'the gentle art.' It's a form of judo, which means 'the gentle way of life.' It was started by a doctor from Nagasaki who was watching a cherry tree and a willow tree during a storm. He saw that the cherry tree, which stood up to the wind, had all its branches broken, while the willow tree, which bent

with the wind, wasn't hurt. That gave him the idea for jujitsu."

"What I want to know is this," I said. "Is it possible for a person my size to protect herself against somebody much larger? I might never have to do it, but I want to know how."

"Strength isn't required," Mr. Kroeger said testily. "You use your opponent's strength to overcome him. So! You depend upon surprise and your knowledge of weak spots of the body. Come and watch the ladies' class; it begins right now."

The professor arose and, with a flourish of his kimono, led me down a long corridor and into the academy proper. As I tagged along behind him, I felt nervously exhilarated. I, tossing people around!

It was a large room with the usual gym paraphernalia—rings, ropes, side horses—and a floor well padded with thick mats. I pushed aside a pile of boxing gloves and sat down on a bench. Three girls were on the mats practicing falls—a young, limber blonde and a tall brunette, both in their 20s, and a stoutish lady in her 40s wearing glasses. The blonde fell skillfully, maneuvering herself each time into a back somersault,

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but the stout lady was having trouble.
 "No, no," Mr. Kroeger said.
 "Keep your chin in, Mildred; you'll get a headache."

"I have a headache already," the lady remarked irritably.

"Rub it. Ready, girls." The three students looked at him expectantly.
 "Do you remember the last hold you learned, Alice?"

The blonde nodded and, tensing herself, sprang tigerishly at the brunette, but the brunette caught her wrist, twisted her around and sent her flying ... *Thump!* ... to the floor. The blonde rose at once, smiling, and immediately the brunette rushed at her. *Thump!* I winced. Mr. Kroeger turned to me. "See that, Pearl? You'll be able to do it yourself, couple of months."

"My name isn't Pearl," I said.
Thump! Thump!

A man emerged from the locker room buttoning his coat gingerly. Mr. Kroeger waved. "Take care of that leg now, Mr. Felton. Hot bath with Epsom salts."

"Yeah." The man stared morosely at the three girls and then went out, mumbling under his breath.

Mr. Kroeger looked severely at the blonde. "When you kick somebody in practice, Alice, you don't draw blood."

"He was resisting," she said indignantly. "He wasn't relaxed."

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The day of my first lesson, a week later, was wild and stormy, a day in which the rain swished against the windows and umbrellas turned inside out. In the locker room I found the blonde, Alice, who was pulling on a pair of tight blue jeans.

"Well, hi, Pearl," she said, smiling at me in a friendly way.

"My name's not Pearl," I mumbled, but the blonde had thrust her head into a sweat shirt.

When she emerged, I asked her what kind of work she did. She said she was a slenderizing instructor in a reducing salon; she gave exercises to fat people. I asked if one could reduce by exercising. She said no.

"Then what do you ... ?" But the blonde wasn't interested in discussing her baffling profession; she had perched herself on the massage table and was now studying a paperbacked volume called *Judo*.

I began to get dressed. After a while I leaned over and peeked at the book. There was a series of pictures showing a fair-haired, smiling young man in the ubiquitous short kimono being menaced by a ferocious individual in ordinary shirt and pants. Sometimes the attacker was bald, sometimes dark and beetle-browed,

continued

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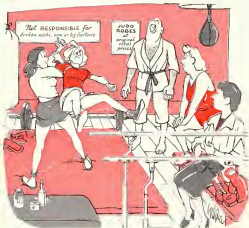
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"The brunette caught her wrist, twisted her around and sent her flying."

sometimes mustachioed; but each time, in the last of the set of pictures, he was being twirled over the shoulder of the fair-haired young man. The titles had a fine literary flavor: "Breaking a Stranglehold Whilst on the Ground," "Beat Defense Against a Cudgel," and (oddly) "Defense Against a Boxer." In the last, the attacker was fully equipped and dressed for the prize ring; apparently the attack was a spur-of-the-moment thing to pass the time while the preliminaries were proceeding.

"I can't imagine ever having to defend myself against a boxer," I said.

"You never can tell." The slenderizer snapped the book shut ominously. "Are you ready?"

We went out into the gym where Mr. Kroeger was marshaling his class. With some bitterness he commented that the weather had bogged down all the jujitsu students except the slenderizer and me and two men, one a beginner. He would give the beginners their first lesson while (or whilst) the two advanced students performed for Jimmy, another instructor. Jimmy turned out to be as mountainous as Mr. Kroeger, if younger, and possessed moreover of curly red hair and some remarkable tattoos.

My fellow beginner was a middle-aged man, wispy in build and studious in appearance. He looked at me from the corner of his eye without much enthusiasm.

There was a thick piece of wood, almost a log, holding up a window, and Mr. Kroeger walked over to it and delivered a sharp blow with the edge of his hand. The wood split in two, and the window came down. Our professor returned to us, rubbing his hand, smugly.

"Why do you think the wood broke?" he demanded. "You tell me, Pearl."

"My name isn't Pearl," I said.

"A blow struck with a short chopping motion—that's the secret. The blow should be struck with the edge of the hand—the little finger, not the thumb edge—or with the elbow, the foot or the knee. Now," he said, "where do we strike this blow? At a sensitive spot in our opponent's anatomy—the eyes, the temples, the ears, neck, Adam's apple, solar plexus, kneecap, groin, instep, wrist."

We practiced going through the motions of delivering short chopping blows to our opponent's sensitive



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areas. I had only the vaguest idea of the whereabouts of some of these areas, the temples lurked around the face, I knew, and the instep on the foot, but I couldn't locate either any more specifically. My partner looked at me with mounting scorn, and whenever one of my short chopping blows came near him, he sprang back.

"I won't hurt you," I told him reproachfully.

"You might not mean to."

I gave another short chopping blow, this time catching the end of his nose.

Mr. Kroeger uttered an exclamation of approval. "Now you're getting the idea, Pearl. But next time aim for the bridge of the nose—that's the painful spot. Let's see how you fall."

I fell several times, forward and backward. "It's easy," I said triumphantly.

"Ah, so," Mr. Kroeger put out his foot and tripped me and I went down in a kind of surprised, awkward heap, rapping my head on the mat. "That's not bad," he said. "Just keep your chin in. Practice at home. Tonight take a hot bath with Epsom salts."

I got up and limped out with my sulky partner.

"Are you going to be here next week?" I asked sociably.

"I'm taking three lessons a week, so I'll be ahead of you. I'm trying to gain weight," he added. "Uh, what is your name again?"

"Just call me Pearl."

PRACTICALLY AN EXPERT

When I arrived the following week, my frail partner was practically an expert, tumbling around on the mat in wild imitation of a vaudeville-type Japanese aerobist. He had acquired a kimono too, from which his knobby legs stuck out in approved judo style.

The slenderizer was there, but the two of us were again the only women. I inquired about the other girls. The tall brunette, who was a secretary, had become engaged and decided to give up jujitsu. The chubby lady, a nurse, had practiced too enthusiastically at home and sprained her wrist.

Jimmy took the class that night. He came up to us, smiling pleasantly. "All right, girls, first we'll review strangling." He pounced on the blonde and gripped her neck with a brawny arm. "Break the hold."

She twisted her head slightly in order to breathe and performed a

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THE WILLOW continued

complimented maneuver with her feet and her arms. In a few seconds Jimmy was cowering on the floor.

He straightened up. "Now, Pearl, you do the same thing... slowly."

His arm went round my neck and tightened. The tattooed figures began to dance up and down under my nose; I stared, cross-eyed and fascinated.

Mr. Kroeger's voice thundered from the sidelines. "Break the hold!"

I twisted my head the way the blonde had done, dug my heel lightly into his instep, stuck my elbow in his solar plexus; to my regret, the interesting tattoos slipped away.

"Remember, this is only in fun," Jimmy said. "You girls try it on each other."

I strangled the slenderizer and she strangled me a few times. Then, following Jimmy's instructions, I rushed at her. In slow motion she grabbed me by the wrist, took a turn under my arm and came up with her leg behind mine so that she could throw me off balance; this accomplished, she put her hand under my chin and pushed me backward to the floor. When we tried it fast, both of us received high praise, the blonde for the way she threw me down and I for the way I fell. At least I think it was praise—because of the way my ears were ringing it was difficult to tell.

We took turns pushing each other backward rather vigorously for about 10 minutes.

"Now review strangleholds," Jimmy said. "You first, Pearl... I'll do it a little harder."

Around my neck went the tattoos.

"Soften him up," Mr. Kroeger cried.

"Ugh?"

"Pinch!"

I struggled to breathe. I pinched.

"Not there."

I pinched again. With a yelp Jimmy let go.

"So?" Mr. Kroeger said. "You've broken the hold. Now what do you do?"

"Scream!"

"No, no, what you just learned. Grab his wrist, trip him, push him backward."

I eyed Jimmy's muscular wrists. "Next week," I said faintly.

On the way home I perused still another booklet which had been presented to me as one of the more advanced pupils. Give in so as to conquer—that was the creed of judo.

I thought about it a while, wondering just where they managed to fit in pinching. Judo devotees, like the ancient Hebrews, even had 10 commandments, the first of which was: follow the advice of your professor and master and treat him with respect. The second was to avoid vainglorious or arrogant behavior when successful. I would worry about that, I thought, when successful. Other commandments exhorted me to treat my training partner as a friend, to help the weak and to show myself superior to the average level of conduct. As a novice I was entitled to wear a white sash or obi; when I had attained the next rank I could wear a yellow sash



"I did it! I did it!"

and then an orange one, then green, blue, and brown.

It didn't say anything about hot baths with Epsom salts.

During the next few lessons I perfected several varied skills. I could now foretell to the minute when a charley horse would set in (exactly 23 hours after jujitsuing); I could fall consistently without knocking out my brains; and I was the best pincher in the class.

At the sixth lesson a new girl joined us—a little woman even smaller than I, who operated an embroidery business. She wanted to learn jujitsu to protect herself from teen-agers.

We began by reviewing eye gouging, front and side strangleholds, choking, kicking and wristlocks. We

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THE WILLOW continued

had both Mr. Kroeger and Jimmy as instructors, and the senior professor was in fine humor, tripping the slenderizer unawares not once, but twice. (She fell hard each time but recovered quickly and got a wristlock on him.) The lady who was equipping herself for defense against teen-agers said she'd recently had an operation and couldn't fall; she would merely knock us down. Her physical timing was bad, she said. This was because as a young girl she had led a sheltered life and was not accustomed to indulgence in roughhouse sports. She glared at the slenderizer and me as though we, on the other hand, had been wrestling all our lives.

The lesson was vigorous. We attacked one another ferociously for half an hour, thumping down time and again on the mat. Even the lady embroiderer became imbued with the judo spirit and tumbled down a few times too in a ladylike way. We began to pant and perspire.

OVER THE SHOULDER

Near the end of the lesson Jimmy came up and casually put his arm around my neck in a rear stranglehold.

"Now, come on, turn your head so's you don't choke."

I turned my head.

"Reach back and grab my sleeve and pull me forward. Drop to one knee and reach for my ankle with your other hand. Get it? Keep pulling my sleeve forward and then push my leg up hard; you should be able to pull me over your shoulder. Understand?"

"Ugh," I said.

I grabbed his sleeve. I dropped to my knee and grabbed his ankle. He had the biggest feet I'd ever seen, enclosed in giant-sized sneakers. I yanked his foot up. And there he went somersaulting over my shoulder and falling down flat on his back at my feet. I looked at him, lying there prone.

"Don't get up," I said. "How much do you weigh?"

"Hundred and eighty."

I felt wonderful. I gazed down at him again, restraining an impulse to put my foot on his chest and utter an animal-like cry of triumph.

Then I looked at Mr. Kroeger. "I did it."

"Ah, so," he said. "Practice at home."

"But I did it, I did it!"

"You sure did, Pearl," Jimmy said.

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19TH HOLE continued

rock more homers than any major league team in 1958.

JOHN DONNELLO

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

• The question of rating the Cubs is now distilling in the brain boxes of our baseball staff. See Special Baseball Issue, April 14. —ED.

THE HIGH COST OF FITNESS

Sirs:

Allowing that the reader takes over at the 19TH HOLE and that Senator Ed Thyne (Minnesota) has dropped ball 8,3282 in the Senate hopper (E & D, March 3), I wonder if girl professional athletes will really take advantage of the income tax deduction clause for "depletion of physical resources" (even if it does mean paying a few tax dollars)? Maybe the inkpot (see below) will better tell the story.

WALT MURSON

New Haven, Conn.



MR. MURSON, a cartoonist for the New Haven Daily Register, examines 8,3282.

BASKETBALL: THE SHORT ONES

Sirs:

As you are aware, the big man in basketball is receiving most of the recognition. I have attempted to bring back fame to the small man. This was accomplished by selecting an All-America team comprised of players 6 foot or less.

Forms were sent to the sports editors of college newspapers. The following is the result of this experiment.

| | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| Don Henness | 5 ft. 9 in., Pitt |
| Guy Rodgers | 6 ft. 6 in., Temple |
| Tom Kearns | 5 ft. 11 in., N. Carolina |
| Jack Kublasyn | 5 ft. 11 in., Alabama |
| Al Seiden | 5 ft. 10 in., St. John's |

FRANK REAGAN

Leetto, Pa.

BASKETBALL: CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

Sirs:

Please forward this note to the psychiatrist who must be attending Jeremiah

Tax, following his momentary deterioration in prognosticating the probable final results of the NCAA basketball tournament (SI, March 24).

"You will find, Doctor, that Jeremiah overtaxed himself when he disparaged two of Kentucky's most famous achievements—our great basketball coach, Adolph Rupp, and our delicious Hot Brown sandwiches (SI, Dec. 16). How can a man who compares Hot Brown with glue know anything about anything? Jeremiah is a dyspeptic odd-ball, Doctor."

"If and when Mr. Tax recovers from this frightful experience, Doctor, a change in writing assignment might be his only salvation. In time, with renewed confidence and judgment, he might be ready to report the national grade school squashing championship elimination."

"Meanwhile, let the convalescence diet be Hot Brown sandwiches. Perhaps the cheese 'glue' can be used to paste Mr. Tax back together again."

JOHN D. STENOZ

Louisville

• The prognosticator's lot is seldom a happy one. If given the choice Jeremiah Tax would as soon be hanged in effigy in Lexington (see below) as placed on a diet of Hot Brown sandwiches in Louisville.—ED.



STUDENTS at the University of Kentucky hang Prognosticator Jerry Tax in effigy.

BASKETBALL: ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Star:

First, I must say that Booser, Robertson, Rodgers, Chamberlain and Baylor are without a doubt the country's five best basketball players (SI, March 17). However, three forwards, a center and a guard do not make a team. In my opinion, Booser has to be dropped for 36-point-man Don Henson. Then you have five All-Americans who would also, if that is any consolation, form a team.

STUART GHEERTNER

St. Louis

More winning Pro's are playing modern... U.S. ROYAL SPECIALS



At the Bing Crosby Tournament, Pebble Beach, U. S. Seafers, left to right, (standing) Bob Hill, Joe Conrad, Al Beardslink, Ken Venturi, (kneeling) Gene Bone, Peter Masur, Bill Parker, Everett Vinnant, Fred Hawkins, Eddie Merum—all played U. S. Royal Specials.

This ball was developed especially for good, solid-swinging golfers. That's why so many winning professionals—up-and-coming champions like the group above

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PAT ON THE BACK



Walter Bennett

Falcon Rifle Team

This trail-blazing team from the new Air Force Academy in Denver covered itself with glory when it met the Naval Academy's team at Annapolis for the first varsity athletic encounter between the two schools. The young Falcons outshot their senior-service opponents 1,439 to 1,426 to add another triumph to an already imposing record. The AFA team has won 21 consecutive meets since it entered competition last year, 11 of them this year.

This week they are shooting it out in sectional competition for the National Rifle Association team championship. They now have respectable hopes of national honors, since they

have already shot a score higher than that which won last year's title. But whether they win or lose, these young men have secured for themselves a place in history as the first airmen ever to meet and conquer a service academy rival.

The Falcon squad is composed of one freshman, five sophomores and four juniors. Lined up in the back row are (left to right) Master Sergeant George Boley (team coach), Robert Siteman, James Weaver (team captain), Floyd Hester and Lieut. Colonel Allen Burdett, USA, officer in charge of the team. Kneeling in the middle row are Dennis Walsh, Jules L. Viquesny, Leon Goodson and Richard Kingman. Lying prone in the front row are Fred Carmichael, Alex Zimmerman and Robin Koselka.

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